

THE Flag of our Union.

LITERATURE

ACCOMPLISHMENTS

ARTS

AMUSEMENTS

NEWS

VOL. IX.

F. GLEASON, { CORNER OF TREMONT
{ AND BOWFIELD STS.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 12, 1854.

TERMS, { \$2.00 PER ANNUM,
{ 5 CENTS SINGLE.

No. 32.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

BIANCA: —OR— THE STAR OF THE VALLEY.

A Romance of the Alps.

BY AUGUSTINE J. H. DUGANNE.

[CONCLUDED.]

CHAPTER XX.

THE MEETING ON THE CAUSEWAY.



FRANCESCA and her father, while the vicissitudes of the changing fight of Missions were taking place beneath their observation, had leisure to reflect upon their past and present situation. For the latter's mind, the quiet and repose of a few weeks' sojourn among the goatherds of the mountains, after his departure from the *allegro* of Baco, had operated a great change, it is true—rendered more enduring, doubtless, by the constant presence and gentle influence of his daughter, who, striving to forget her own sorrows, devoted herself with single-hearted purpose to the pious task she had undertaken. Nevertheless, the breaking up of long-liked habits, and the emancipation of a nature like that of Tomaso's, from the dominion of old associations, required the exercise of no ordinary skill and discretion in his young counsellor—for the brigand's memory, recurring at one time to deeds of rapine, seemed to close against his soul the gate of repentance, filling him with dismay and despair; at other seasons recalling the wild independence of his position as a handi-chief, for many years, was constantly warring against the better spirit that had been awakened so lately, promising peace to his closing life.

Francesca, however, faltered not in watchful kindness, by turns inspiring and soothing her wretched parent, with all the tender care that a daughter's solicitude, joined with the pious resolution that actuated her, could render effective. At times, the poor girl, in the enthusiasm of what she believed her peculiar mission, nourished the hope that the iron energy and determination which, in spite of present physical weakness, still formed the chief ingredient in Tomaso's character, might yet be employed in the cause of that religion which the brigand's past career had mocked and slighted; in effect that her father, renewed in heart and body, might yet be permitted to dedicate his remaining years to the service of the church which had pardoned his past transgressions. Cherishing a hope like this, Francesca strove steadily to banish the recollection of her hapless affection for one whom she was forced to believe possessed no feelings kindred with her own higher emotions, and more than ever resolved to wear her thoughts from the world, in striving for her father's moral welfare.

Tomaso, surveying the battle through the rapid changes that continually took place, felt at times a wild longing to mingle in the fray; and often he started up, as if about to leave the sheltered position which they occupied, when the restraining arm of Francesca would rapidly around him, and a reaction of sudden weakness reminded him that he was still an invalid. The daughter marked these evidences of her father's secret agitation with great despondency, but she ceased not, nevertheless, in her endeavors to direct his thoughts to other things.

"These armies, my father—these foolish men, fighting for they know not what—it makes me sad to look upon them."

"Ah, Francesca, they combat for glory!"

"Ah, is it glory, my father, to shed blood and feel that every soldier who falls leaves friends behind him to grieve evermore for his loss! O, were I amid yonder battle, and you awaiting here for my return—ah, dear father, if I should be slain—"

"Madonna shield thee, my child!—what sayest thou? To lose thee, Francesca, were death indeed to me!"

"And could I survive thy loss, dear father!" murmured the maiden, leaning her cheek upon the brigand's hard bosom, as she sat beside

him. "O, let us no more think of violence or battle! Let us hasten on our journey to the quiet valleys of Savoy. There, my father—there we may both be happy."

As Francesca uttered these words, tears fell fast over her pale cheeks upon Tomaso's hand. A moisture gathered also in the captain's eyes, as he drew his daughter closer to his breast.

"It shall be as thou desirest, my child," he said, in a changed voice. "Let us, in God's name, go on; and if He indeed make thee an instrument to save thy poor father from perdition, glory be to His name. I will not harden my heart against His mercy."

Saying this, Tomaso kissed the girl's forehead, as if to seal his promise.

Francesca was overjoyed, for this resolution of her father was expressed more decidedly than any of his former ones, and she knew the old brigand's firmness of character gave to this declaration the solemnity of an oath. She returned to him with fondness, and murmured in a low tone of voice:

"The virgin be thanked for this. My prayers are indeed answered."

At this juncture, while father and daughter were renewing pledges of mutual confidence, and exchanging their hopes for the future, a series of events involved them suddenly as actors in the drama that was transpiring around them.

The pass, a defile, from which they had entered upon the wider causeway leading to the plain, and whence they had made a slight detour to reach the overlooking rock that now concealed them, was one which penetrated far up, and through the centre of the rocky ranges, back to the Val d'Orasio. A portion of this defile, comprising a section of the route they had lately traversed, could be discerned by Francesca and her father from the sheltered position they now occupied, which latter likewise afforded them, as we have seen, a view of the entire field of battle beneath.

Down this pass, crossing an opening in the rocky wall, through which Francesca could obtain a full view of their persons, the maiden now beheld two riders advancing almost toward the causeway. A single glance sufficed to assure her that one of these was Berthold the vine-dresser, and a sensation of mingled terror and pleasure agitated her bosom for a moment, but as briefly gave place to feelings of another character.

Berthold bestrode a mule, which he guided with one hand, while the other assisted to sustain him by his companion's horse a figure concealed by a dark mantle, but which Francesca divined at once to be a female. The cavalier who held this figure before him, was one whose face was known to the brigand's daughter, as she had often seen him from a distance when, wandering through the hills, she had paused to watch the hunting train of Lord Roberto skirting the forest's edge, or ranging over the broader passes.

Not unknown to her either was the evil reputation of the libertine matron; and now as she recognized him, evidently in the prosecution of some wicked enterprise, in which Berthold was his assistant, the poor maiden's heart encountered a new shock, in the confirmation which it thus received of all her sad impressions concerning her late lover. She gazed steadfastly at the advancing riders, her eyes dilated, her mouth compressed, and her breast heaving with excitement. Tomaso, reclining upon the rock, whilst the maiden stood beside him, noticed her sudden agitation.

"What seest, Francesca? Art frightened, my child?"

"Look, father! Know you those travellers descending the pass?" whispered the girl, assisting the still feeble brigand to gain a more elevated position.

"Surely, the one is Berthold, the other Marquis Roberto—"

"And they have yet another with them, my father. Seest thou not?"

"Ha! the marquis is at his wild tricks, I doubt not. A goodly brace—the vine-dresser and the lord!"

Francesca felt another pang shoot through her heart as she thought of her ill-omened love for one whose character her father evidently well understood; but she had not long to dwell upon this reflection, for the two riders had now descended quite to the outlet of the pass, and halting on the wider ridge which sloped towards the plain, surveyed in astonishment the panorama of battle suddenly disclosed to them.

"Father, I must learn what these men do purpose," cried Francesca, preparing to descend the rock.

"Nay, nay, Francesca—what hast thou to do with these?"

"Fear not—they will not discover me," answered the maiden, stepping lightly around the jutting base of the cliff, where her quick eye had before discerned a narrow fissure, which conducting near to the point where the group had halted, would enable her to approach unseen within bearing distance. Quick as her determination she glided from her father's side, and moved noiselessly to the extremity of the fissure, and there, effectually hidden from observation by a mass of tangled brush that sprouted from the interior, found herself within a couple of yards of the male stricken by her unworthy lover.

Lord Roberto, as he checked his horse, had lifted the mantle that enveloped Bianca's form, and the brigand's daughter beheld reclining upon the noble's breast, the face of a maiden younger than herself, and beautiful as that of an angel; but it was deathly pale, and the bloodless lips were half apart, revealing the small white teeth set as if in death.

In truth, Bianca, wrapped in a swoon, from which she had partially awakened during three hours' ride from the mule-path, where she had been betrayed—awakened only to relapse, after a choking effort to cry out, stifled by the rude hand of her abductor.

At the instant when Francesca looked from her hiding-place, Bianca's pale and lovely features, supported on the breast of the reckless marquis, were turned full towards her, and though she recognized them not, a feeling of womanly sympathy immediately filled her bosom; but at this instant, Berthold's voice struck harshly upon her ear.

"My lord, we cannot proceed—the Frenchmen fill yonder plain!"

"Peace!—be deep till we reach Milan."

"You'll see your lordship risk the life of—"

"She'll not die, good fellow! Take you heed that we break not our necks over these confounded precipices, or encounter any of your yagabond soldiery, and I'll insure our safe conduct otherwise."

By Saint Jeronimo! I must not return to Val d'Orasio," murmured Berthold.

"Be faithful, Berthold, and you shall not regret this business. It is true that yonder medlesome hunter was settled for."

"Ay, my lord, he will tell no tales! I fear only that the other recognized us—or your lordship's poor servant, who Pietro slew."

"Tut," answered Roberto; "that fellow was new in my service, and if he be known or not, it cannot hurt me; but let us at once descend, and as these rocks are better known to you, Berthold, go forward with the mule, and show me some quiet defile by which we may skirt yonder plain. I have no mind to be stabbed by these *nous culottes* Frenchmen, who have brought their republican doctrines into our goodly Italy. Away, friend, let us hasten!"

Berthold, turning the head of his mule, prepared to follow Lord Roberto's directions; but an obstacle suddenly interposed. A female form descended the rocky wall on which they were halting, and placed itself in the vine-dresser's pathway. He recognized Francesca, the daughter of Tomaso.

"Berthold!" exclaimed the maiden, in a tone rendered shrill by her excited feelings; "Berthold, what new work of darkness is this? Whither would you bear this poor girl?"

The vine-dresser started by Francesca's sudden appearance, and her first address, could utter no word in reply, while Lord Roberto began to survey curiously the rare beauty of the maiden, illumined by the eloquent animation that flushed her face with rich blood. Thus, for an instant, the group remained—the brigand's daughter standing before the mule, her form towering in proud loveliness as she fixed her dark eyes upon the trembling vine-dresser; the marquis, almost forgetful of the pale, insensible woman he held, in gazing at the dark resplendent creature who had so strangely burst upon them; and Berthold, himself, grasping nervously the mane of his mule, while he began to frame a language more than deceptive.

"Francesca!" he commenced, striving the while to discover by some sign in the maiden's countenance, if she yet felt toward him the love that she had once possessed; but Tomaso's daughter turned not her calm look from his changing features, nor relaxed its sorrowing

but cold expression; then yielding to the natural dictates of his brutal nature, he changed his demeanor at once, and cried, in a sneering tone: "Art jealous, my pretty handi's child? Faith, thy Berthold is true to thee, spite of new faces. Where is Tomaso, sweetheart?"

The withering glance which shot from Francesca's eyes at this audacious speech from him for whom she had just sacrificed, cherished a yearning affection, forced Berthold to drop his bold gaze to the ground. Nevertheless, his evil nature had displayed itself, and he continued, with a laugh: "Better mount with me, sweet Francesca! Many a time have you said you loved me. Come away, for I doubt not my Lord Roberto is willing."

"Leave not so fair a sweetheart behind, worthy Berthold," laughed the marquis. "There's shame, indeed, for so gallant a vine-dresser!"

"Are you indeed lost, *bet*, Berthold!" cried Francesca, in a voice so full of sorrow that its tones would have moved any hearers save the two heartless ones before her; but he to whom the appeal was addressed, answered with a gloomy scowl:

"Come, by the fiend! Francesca, thou hast provoked me long enough! No more will I be trifled with by thee! I know not wherefore thou art here, or in what company; but by San Geronimo! I'll not leave thee behind, my sweetheart!"

As he said this, Berthold pressed the mule to one side, and bending from the saddle threw his strong arm around Francesca's waist, lifting her from the ground to a seat before him as easily as a child would raise its doll. At the same moment, Bianca, suddenly awakening from the deep swoon in which she had been plunged, raised a feeble cry of terror, as she became half conscious of her situation. It was responded to by Francesca with a shriek that echoed loudly through the surrounding hills.

Tomaso, availing his daughter at a few yards distance, heard those cries directly beneath the rock that concealed him from those upon the causeway, at the same time that it intervened to prevent his witnessing Francesca's interview with Berthold. Tomaso heard, distinguishing his daughter's voice, and quick as thought the old brigand flame burned up within him. It was but a second that the shriek vibrated upon his brain when, forgetting his pain and weakness, forgetting ought but that Francesca was in peril, the old captain sprang around the jutting rock, and reached the causeway just as Lord Roberto, having wound his cloak closely about Bianca's head, to silence her once more, was spurring his steed to descend the broader road. Dashing furiously against the marquis at first, Tomaso, the next moment, caught sight of Berthold claspings Francesca tightly in his arms, while bowing over the mule's neck, he prepared to urge the animal to a headlong flight toward the plain.

The plain itself, at this crisis, presented a singular appearance. While two compact columns of the French army, attacking the town of Degego at different parts, had succeeded in silencing the main batteries, and driving the Austrian centre, the greater portion of the republican troops were scattered in brigades and squadrons over a large area, extending deep into the hills, towards the lower defiles. These detached forces were now reuniting as rapidly as possible, though several were in actual conflict with portions of the enemy's troops retreating toward the Bernina.

Tomaso beholding the desperate design of the vine-dresser, seized the bridle of the mule, and strove to stay his career. The old man's limbs, albeit enfeebled by his late sickness, were yet tough, and his grasp was tenacious enough to swerve the mule aside as Berthold urged him forward; but the captain's hand sought in vain for the weapons which of old ever hung at his belt—his trusty dagger and a brace of heavy pistols. They were no longer there, and the brigand, with a return of his ancient passion, muttered an oath as he endeavored to seize the dress of Francesca, while at the same time he retained the mule by an iron grasp of the bridle.

Berthold saw his personal danger, and recollected his late companion's character. At once he knew that it was life or death between him and Tomaso; and with a darker scowl blackening his sullen visage, he drew his hunting-knife, yet red with Pietro's blood, and struck at the father's breast. Tomaso, staggering under the blow, released his hold of the bridle, and the mule, with her double burthen, clattered down the causeway, following the strong steed that bore the maiden and Bianca.

The road leading to the plain wound between perpendicular walls of rock for a hundred yards, and then opened abruptly upon a broad platform, from which a series of hillocks and slight elevations sloped to the field of battle on either side of the river. The vine-dresser, grasping in

his arms with fierce determination the shrieking Francesca, who, in spite of her struggles, found herself completely powerless, in her captor's embrace, soon came up with Lord Roberto, and hastily crying, "Turn to the left—yonder is a safe pass leading from the plains," dashed forward, and led the descent.

CHAPTER XXI.

VALENTINE THE SOLDIER.

THE pass to which Berthold, well acquainted with all the hill region, now directed his course, was the same which we have noticed as being so suddenly filled with a French force detached in an early stage of the neighboring conflict, to gain by a circuitous route a position favorable for co-operation in the main assault upon Degego. Through this path the vine-dresser knew that a secure detour might be made, conducting them away from the Bernina and its dangerous vicinity, toward the great highway to Milan, where, once arrived, the marquis, he was aware, could safely defy the humble friends of the abducted Bianca.

Nevertheless a new enemy was before them, advancing like themselves toward the path that promised them so easy a method of avoiding interference. Hardly had the outnumbered riders turned to leave the causeway, when close beneath them saw a battalion of cuirassiers, followed immediately by a scattered body of tirailleurs, sweep upward toward the heights. Berthold at once drew bridle to avoid the fierce column with which the soldiers pressed upward over the uneven ground; but ere he could effect his purpose the adjacent hillocks and the causeway itself were covered by the French, whose onward ranks wound between the two riders enveloping them in a cloud of dust. Francesca at this crisis shut out her arms, and gave utterance to another shriek for succor.

But the dense battalion, regardless of sight but the imperious force of military discipline that urged it forward, had no ear for a feeble woman's cry. Almost sudden as its approach was its sweeping disappearance up the rough ascent—so sudden indeed that the Marquis Roberto, claspings his muffled prize with one arm, whilst with the other he strove to guide his steed, which had been carried onward in the whirl of the troops, found himself now in peril of being crushed in the press or entangled in the advance of the French. It was impossible at the moment to rejoin his companion, for the tirailleurs, drawing closer together, now filled the causeway between them, and the noble, rather than attempt to force his way through these, chose rather to urge his horse directly away from the securer pass toward a narrow ridge that shelved steeply downward to the hillocks whence the scattered tirailleurs were now converging. There he hoped to maintain at least a foothold till the soldiers should decouch by the pass above.

But the shriek uttered by Francesca, though it failed to arrest the iron-clad cuirassiers, had not been raised in vain. The echo of its sound had hardly ceased to vibrate, when a soldier, blackened with dust and powder, sprang from the rearmost rank of the tirailleurs, and darted toward the Marquis Roberto, whose attempt to back his steed had withdrawn his attention for an instant from the burden which he held. During that instant, the mantle which had closely concealed Bianca, became detached from her shoulders, and fell trailing from the saddle-bow, and the marble-white countenance of the swooning girl were revealed distinctly in the sunlight—the features beautiful, though so death-like, turned upward from the breast on which the head was leaning.

Lord Roberto had no need for further care of his horse, for a strong man's hand, clutched the bridle, and threw the animal upon its haunches. Then, as the insecure ground crumbled beneath its iron hoofs, the steed reared frightfully, and rolled over the sloping ridge, whilst the marquis, reeling in the saddle, fell backward heavily upon the rough stones; but ere horse or rider struck the earth, Bianca, still unconscious, was caught in the outstretched arms of the soldier Valentine.

Little space had the comrades of the daring tirailleur to marvel at, if they indeed noticed, his sudden action—for closing their ranks as they neared the upper pass, the long line dashed amid the hills and disappeared from the dusty causeway, leaving the hunter soldier sustaining on his bosom the drooping form of a woman, whilst the man whom he had hurled from the saddle, lay motionless and insensible upon the stony ridge.

Berthold, meantime, separated by the rushing battalions from his employer, and forced to content at once the motions of his mule and the strength of the struggling Francesca, who he had believed would speedily become reconciled to her captor, but whose resistance was redoubled

at every attempt which he made to soothe her, but not as yet become aware of Roberto's run-contre; nevertheless, perceiving as he paused, amid the cloud of dust raised by the rushing military, that the marquis lingered behind, the vine-dresser turned his mule, and beheld his companion's situation, though without recognizing the strange soldier who had overthrown him. Not so, however, Valentine, who supporting Bianca in his arms, fixed his astonished gaze upon the female whom his brother held upon the mule, while he exclaimed:

"Berthold! is it she? What means all this?"

Berthold, though he had failed to discern in the blackened figure before him the man who of all others he least desired to encounter, could not but be assured by that voice that Valentine was actually there, and no sooner did he become aware of this than the ruffian feelings which had been gaining strength with each new struggle of Francesca for release, burst forth into desperation. Springing from the mule, and recklessly dashing his burden to the ground, he leaped towards Valentine, and aimed a blow at his heart with the weapon already twice stained with human blood that day. It was a murderous stroke, and the young soldier, sustaining with one arm the still fainting Bianca, had doubtless sunk beneath it, had not an unlooked-for hand restrained the vine-dresser's motives, interposing suddenly between him and his brother. It was Monna Barbara!

Wierd-like and unearthly seemed the crouching, thus gliding suddenly into the sunlight from behind the rocky wall which on one side her terminated in the open plateau. She threw her form before the furious Berthold, her bright eyes shining with more than mortal lustre, as she fixed them upon the distorted visage of her eldest born. The vine-dresser's uplifted arm trembled, even while it threatened his brother's breast; but it was only for a moment that his purpose faltered.

"The dog shall die!" he muttered, savagely. "Stand aside, woman, if you value your own life!"

"I value it not, ungrateful!—but thou shalt not take it!" replied Monna Barbara, still pressing before her desperate son.

But at this moment a shout that startled a thousand echoes, rang through the neighboring duffles; and breaking like wild deer from above, a score of hunters leaped suddenly from the rocks upon the censure; and between the foremost two, their arms upholding his sinking frame, appeared the old Tomaso.

Francesca, who had meanwhile risen from the ground to which her felon lover had flung her in his rage, rushed in an instant to her father's side; while Berthold, recognizing the men of Val d'Orazio, felt that his doom was sealed should he fall into their hands; but his habitual craft failed him at this crisis, for, seizing the moment of confusion to spring upon the mule, he spurred the animal with furious speed toward the pass he had previously sought to enter. The hunters saw his movement and attempted to intercept him, but he had already gained a hundred yards advance, desperately urging his flight toward the hills.

"Let us the villain escape! Follow him!" cried the first hunter, dashing forward in pursuit.

His companions delayed not an instant, but dispersing simultaneously to various accessible parts of the rocks, prepared to cut off the retreat of the fugitive.

Monna Barbara, whilst this rapid transition of circumstances was taking place, stood in the attitude which he had assumed in attempting to stay the vine-dresser's violence, with her witch-like head thrown back, and her arms extended rigidly before her; but at a strange alteration was apparent in her countenance; the eyes no longer sparkled brightly, but, fixed and staring, seemed clouded by a deadly film; her features, alike immobile, seemed frozen suddenly into the frame, by some fearful mystery just awakening in her brain. They were turned toward the girl Francesca and the wounded Tomaso, whom the former sustained upon her breast, whilst she supported the brigand's drooping head with her encircling arm.

That strange, out-wandering expression which Monna Barbara's face had once worn when, in her gloomy hut, she had discovered the small crowd of joy, gleaming like a star through the darkness, now again marked her withered lineaments, succeeded as before by a singular softening of the rigid muscles and a moistening of the hard eyes. Thus the crou remained for a few moments, taking no apparent heed of Valentine who stood beside her, nor of the sudden flight of Berthold, pursued by his vengeful enemies. Then slowly, as if fearful to distrust her own tenacity of vision, she crept, rather than walked, towards the old Tomaso.

The wounded brigand raised his swimming eyes as the woman approached, and for another brief space the two gazed at each other, an expression of wild recognition overspreading Tomaso's countenance, which seemed to re-lit as it were with a flash of many memories. His lips opened as if to speak, but only a feeble murmur broke from them. He clasped his hands together, and outstretched them toward Monna Barbara.

"Berthold!" shrieked the crou, staggering nearer to the brigand, and sinking prostrate upon the ground at his feet.

Tomaso raised himself with a violent effort from his daughter's bosom. His breast heaved, his uplifted hands shook for an instant as with an ague fit, then fell heavily downward, clasping the shrivelled neck of Monna Barbara.

"Barbara! Barbara!" he cried, in a half-stifled tone; "My wife—my Barbara!"

Valentine and Francesca—for the hunters had all departed in pursuit of the vine-dresser—alone witnessed this strange scene, and the former, absorbed in his efforts to restore the fainting Bianca to consciousness, gave little heed to what else that might occur. The horse which his strong band had backed till the rider was unseated, now careered wildly over the plain, while the master, Lord Roberto, lay stretched over a

rough ledge, stunned by a violent blow which he had received from Francesca's side. He lay beside her, watching his strange agitation, and startled with the words that, breaking so suddenly from his lips, revealed the existence of a parent whom the maiden believed to have died while she herself was yet a child. It was with trembling anxiety that she awaited further revelation of the mystery that enveloped her.

And this was not long delayed; for as the clasped arms of Monna Barbara's long lost wife, the vine-dresser's mother raised herself slowly to her knees, and placing her withered hands upon the brigand's cheeks, pressed back his head, and gazed long and tenderly upon the manly, and it might be still handsome features.

"Is he?" she murmured, the tears gushing from her eyes. "It is, indeed, my Berthold—the husband of my happy youth!" Then, flushed over Monna Barbara's memory a portion of the vision which had softened her heart in the lonely hovel of Val d'Orazio. Again, recalling the dim past, she knelt beside her brigand husband in the cavern of a Swiss mountain, illumined by the glow of sunset, bathing his wounded side, while their children sported on the rocks without; again she beheld that husband dragged from her embrace by the fierce soldiers who had tracked him to his hiding-place; again—

But as the painful vision rushed athwart the woman's recollection, her eyes encountered those of Francesca, fixed with earnest but wondering expression upon her face. The sight recalled her to the present. She glanced inquiringly at Tomaso, and at once, by the light that broke from the old man's features, divined what she would have asked.

"My daughter!" murmured the crou, and tottered feebly toward Francesca.

"And—my son—Berthold!" cried the brigand, with a look full of anxious meaning.

The words seemed to pierce Monna Barbara's heart like a dagger. She forgot her weakness, her memory, her joy—the thought only of that wretched one who even now was fleeing for his life before a score of angry foes.

"There!—there!" she shrieked, pointing her withered hand upward to the Alpine range.

The sun, long since ascended to its zenith, now sloped its rays over the western side of the mountains. The smoke of battle, hanging low upon the plain and river, rendered the surrounding atmosphere dark and murky; but on the elevated region to which Monna Barbara's gaze was now directed, all was clear, and every outcrop distinctly visible in the beams of day. The mule and its fugitive rider were no longer within sight; but the hunters of Val d'Orazio could still be discerned, occupying various points of the upland, but though seemingly dispersed, were evidently shaping their paths toward the high hill, or rather rocky shaft, which cut the central background of the landscape, towering over the encircling hills and ridges. These mountaineers appeared to be pursuing the race with the same vigor that had marked their first appearance, and so lofty a track had they already gained, that only faint echoes of their encouraging shouts came back to the crou. Still remaining motionless, she gazed only at the mountain wall, the vengeful comrades of Pietro tumbled in their ascent toward the base of the white-walled rock that lifted its narrow summit like a vast altar prepared for some fearful rite of sacrifice.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE VINE-DRESSER'S FLIGHT.

While the scene was transpiring which we have described as taking place between Monna Barbara and her newly-discovered kindred, the rescued Bianca had unclosed her eyes once more, and recalling her faculties, happily oblivious through the greater portion of the dangers through which she had been hurried since her betrayal by the vine-dresser, recognized in time and place the scene of her recent misadventure. She lay on her back, her head resting on the breast of the Marquis Roberto, lying prostrate at a few paces distant, his cheeks pale, and lips closed as if in death. She shuddered at the spectacle, and laid her face upon Valentine's bosom.

"Fear not, my Bianca! No one shall harm thee now, my beloved!" cried the young soldier, tenderly clasping the trembling form which he sustained.

"Alas! is he dead?" murmured the maiden. "Nay, I doubt me that a fall from his horse could have slain him, though 'twas an ugly rock that received his lordly head as he fell," answered Valentine. "But, dear Bianca, what means all this? My mother here, and Berthold, and—"

In heaven's name, dear one, speak of thyself! Bianca raised her gaze to her lover's agitated countenance, and seemed about to reply; but at this moment the shrill voice of Monna Barbara startled them both, drawing their regards to the other group, and they beheld the crou's shrivelled arm extended toward the mountain top.

It was now apparent to what purpose the hunters of Val d'Orazio had dispersed in the beginning of the pursuit of Berthold, and were now converging from every point. The path through which the fugitive had desperately directed his flight, was one which for a few hundred ascending yards presented ample breadth and foothold for a mule, but beyond this distance began to wind, becoming narrower and more perilous as its altitude increased, until at length it conducted to the lofty rock already noticed as springing from the center of the mountain wall. Here all pathway vanished, and nothing save the foot of a mountaineer, or that of a chamois-goat, might essay to climb the almost perpendicular crevices, rising one above another, and disclosing a track, it could be called, so precarious as would

terrify any but a desperate man from attempting its passage.

Notwithstanding the dangers of the ascent, however, those whose looks followed the direction of Monna Barbara's arm, could distinguish the figure of a man slowly toiling up the ridges of the central rock, pausing ever and anon as if checked by some obstacle, or faint from weariness. This figure, which they knew at once to be the wretched Berthold, had already gained a point which appeared to afford a defensible position to the part of any one less desperate than him who sought escape, and such seemed to be the opinion of the Alpine hunters, who halting half way down the white-ridged rock, appeared now to consult regarding the safety of ascending further.

This was the position of things as Monna Barbara, gazing with averted gaze at the words, "There! there!" attracted the gaze of those near her to the form of her felon son as he appeared in full view, clinging to the jagged point of a rock that overhung a dizzy precipice, whilst his feet unsupported by a hunter's staff, so indispensable to security in Alpine districts, strove to maintain their precarious hold upon the slippery ledge which they had reached. These hundred feet below the ledge, the mountaineers of Val d'Orazio were crowded together, gazing up, apparently appalled at the daring progress of the fugitive.

For a few moments it seemed that the bold energy of Berthold would be crowned with success. Slowly, inch by inch as it were, he seemed to creep across the face of the rock, ascending transversely from side to side. Above him, perhaps not higher than fifteen feet, was a platform, or wide ledge, which once gained would afford him a resting place, and doubtless enable him to discover some pass or outlet by which he might pass from the central rock into the otherwise inaccessible interior of the great range that it hid from view. This apparently seemed to have occurred to the fugitive on attempting his perilous ascent, and he now, as was evident, depended upon gaining the platform as the last hope of escape.

To the hunters at the base of the shaft-like eminence, this platform above appeared as a white marble capstone to the great column. It was in fact a huge and compact mass of ice that had gathered, unmelting, through many seasons, and now overlapped the cliff beneath like a glittering cornice. Berthold as he glided upward, could discern a wide gap in this glacier, which he judged to denote a fissure that would assist him in his progress, perhaps discover to him a path by which he might descend upon the inner range, and he felt a ray of hope succeeding to the dogged desperation with which he had hitherto prosecuted the ascent; but this ray was destined to be quenched in a darkness deeper than despair.

For, as the vine-dresser, cautiously dragging his feet from ridge to ridge, and clinging nervously to the projections of the rock with his hands, till the blood streamed from the swollen fingers, reached the verge of that fissure which he had sought to gain, and grasped its jagged rim, he beheld a sudden rocking of the white mass above, announcing the insecurity of the platform on which he had so lately found a resting place. He saw the bed of glittering ice starting from the rock on which it had so long been poised, and moving toward the precipice; he heard a shivering and a crackling as the glacier surged above him, and the wretched man saw that his fate was inevitable. One effort, however, still as the desperate striver that broke from his lips, he made to cast himself forward into the gap that divided the icy platform; but it was too late. The great mass of congealed snow and rigid ice slid slowly forward, away majestically for a moment over his head, then overlapped and became unbalanced on the edge of the cliff. Flashing for a second in the slanting sunbeams, it then plunged downward, roaring and crashing, and falling at length, crashed and splintered into a myriad of fragments upon the rocky bases of the mountain. The hunters of Val d'Orazio, seeing in consternation before the descending ruin, looked backward to the height where they had last distinguished the vine-dresser.

But Berthold was no longer there—the avalanche had accomplished its work!

CHAPTER XXIII.

RECOGNITIONS.

"THE ALPS," said Sir Walter Scott, "seem a barrier erected by nature herself, on which she has inscribed in gigantic characters, 'Here let ambition be stayed!'" Nevertheless, it was upon the highest plateaus of one of the loftiest Alpine ranges, that the great modern conqueror of Europe, in the month of April, 1796, fixed his camp at Montemonte, overlooking all the great valley districts of Piedmont, with their thousand rivers descending like belts of silver from the icy robes of the surrounding mountains. A month's campaign, during which he had gained three well-contested battles, and forced his way through perilsous passes, and over immense precipices, into the heart of an hostile country, had at this point placed the "Man of Destiny" in full possession of a dozen strong fortresses, well named "The Keys of all Sardinia." Here, throne upon snows, and threatening the whole north of Italy, Napoleon in his head-quarters presented a sort of prophetic shadowing of his mighty after-enminence, when, from the summit of his ambition, he was to give laws to fallen kings, and threaten the entire world.

But we have at present no further business with the embryo emperor, or his yet unrequited destiny, but must beg the reader's attention to a little group which, halting at the base of a some steep rise of hills, appeared to be engaged in some affair which occupied their close attention.

Very wild but picturesque and sublime scenery lay up the background, and stretched far away upwards and downwards on every side of the small area where appeared the group above mentioned.

Below, extended like a great map, the territory of Piedmont—adorned by the beautiful cities of Genoa, Milan and Turin. Down the abrupt declivities of the mountains, whose long-gathered snows were now fast yielding to the power of spring, descended numberless torrents, sweeping over huge rocks, and tumultuously dashing through rocky channels, in falls and cataracts of wondrous magnificence. Up among the crowning peaks lay immense glaciers which, as they presented their stanting surfaces to the sun, seemed like seas frozen in the fulness of their tides, from the midst of which at varying intervals, arose solid globes and columns of white-crusted snow, the deposit and accumulation of countless avalanches.

At various points in the perspective view from that lofty mountain, on whose highest Napoleon Bonaparte had now stationed his head-quarters, were visible a succession of strongly-fortified castles, looking down like sentinels upon the seat of war. In the valleys, and on the plateaux and hillsides, could be discerned long lines of huts and tents, the hastily-erected shelter of the different columns of the French army which, under various generals, encamped around the district, from which the Austro-Sardinian troops had been driven by the result of the last battle. This encampment also occupied the gorges and defiles opening from the horizon's line on the borders of the Tuscan states.

Such was the gorgeous panorama unrolled before the gaze of him whose mysterious star was now beginning to cast the brilliant light which afterwards became so lurid and baleful; but apparently the scene possessed no attractions to the person who, as before said, occupied a depression of one of the high ranges, and seemed for the moment absorbed in matters of a more personal interest. In truth, a scene was transpiring which, however common upon the stage of war, and the accessories of fatigue, wounds and exposures, is always fraught with an interest inseparable from mortal hopes and fears—a human being was dying.

With many of the individuals who made up this group our readers are already familiar. On one side, leaning upon his musket, stood the corporal, Maitre-Pierre, his gray moustache and weather-beaten cheeks in strong contrast to the youthful countenance of Valentine, who stood beside him, deprived of his arms and guarded by two soldiers of his company. The young man's head was uncovered, and his drooping eyes were turned fondly upon the maiden, Bianca, who sat on a stony ledge, holding his hand in hers, while her tender looks seemed responding to the sad feelings which apparently possessed him. Monna Barbara knelt upon the earth near by, her aged bosom supporting the head of Tomaso, whose features were now over-spread with the ashen hue that presages dissolution. Francesca, with her hands clasped about the dying one, as before said, pressed his forehead with bitter grief, which she strove vainly to suppress. Altogether, this group upon the mountain side presented a picture of suffering and sorrow that could not fail to awaken the deepest sympathy in the breast even of a stranger, as was apparent from the demeanor of Maitre-Pierre, who with difficulty mastered his emotion, and, as before said, pressed his forehead with his fist, restraining his eyes. As it was the brave corporal found occasion to dash his hand across his brow more than once as he listened to Francesca's broken prayers, and Monna Barbara's sobbing responses. He took, nervously, a pinch or two of snuff, and then in a low voice addressing Valentine, said hurriedly:

"Comrade, it is hard for me to keep you here a prisoner, since no more gallant youth than yourself fought in yesterday's battle; and as yonder poor people are your family, comrade, and—pardon me—I know not what I am saying—notwithstanding, you bear no ill will to Maitre Pierre, nor per—"

"No, comrade!" answered Valentine, taking the hand which the corporal extended. "If I were to feel my life and must suffer, you, Maitre Pierre, are not the cause. You must do your duty!"

"That is spoken like a soldier, comrade; but you must not think they will be so harsh with you. It is true Les Regles says death to the soldier who leaves his ranks; but it was no cowardice in me, my brave fellow, as we all know who saw the fighting like an old Roman instead of a Frenchman. He said, 'Mon comrade who sent me to take charge of the sickly, treat him well, Corporal Pierre, for he is a brave youth!'"

No, no, they will not treat thee harshly for a slip out of the ranks, when the battle was almost over, too."

As Maitre Pierre delivered himself of this opinion, he renewed his applications to the iron tongs which he held poised between his fingers. Valentine smiled faintly in response, and then bent his head to whisper soothingly to Bianca, whilst the stifled prayers of the other maiden trembled on their ears. At this moment, the near sound of horses' hoofs gave notice of the sudden approach of men, accessories to the scene. It was the column of the regiment to which Maitre Pierre and Valentine were attached, who, with a couple of subalterns, now rode up the slight elevation, and reined their horses at the sorrowful group! Their presence caused a sudden action of surprise in two of the actors of our story, which checked the prayer of Francesca, and caused even the wandering senses of her dying father to revive for an instant into animation.

The colonel of the regiment, as he checked his needling of the orderly opposite the stiff figure of Maitre Pierre, had raised his cap from his forehead with one hand, and discovered a countenance very dignified and commanding, but at the same time radiant with benevolence. In that countenance, as his glance was lifted, the young hunter Valentine beheld the well-known lineaments of one for whom he had suffered much—who he had till now believed dead—the stranger of the saddle mare—the traveller whom with Nicolò he had guided to the "Huguenot" Altar, on the fearful night of the avalanche. Here, erect and living before his eyes, Valentine once more beheld the noble form and gallant

mien of a man for whose supposed murder his own life had been imperilled.

And with a gesture of recognition that stamped the identity of the traveller, another strange discovery flashed across the mind of Valentine. The majestic figure before him, at once the colonel of the regiment and the stranger whom he had believed lost, assumed another character. He was the hero of yesterday's conflict, the gallant French officer whom Valentine's timely aid had saved from the danger of the combined attack of a dozen foes. The consciousness of this fact flashed the young soldier's cheek, his eyes met the calm gaze of his colonel, and the mysterious rapt of intelligence which had marked the first glances exchanged between the two in the hovel of Monna Barbara, now renewed its influence upon both.

But, while pausing a moment, as if for steady regards of one another, the young soldier and his colonel remained silent and motionless, a strange, low cry from Monna Barbara suddenly drew their attention. They looked toward her, and saw that the old woman's features were strangely agitated; she had suffered the head of the dying Tomaso to drop under her lap, and with her bright piercing eyes fixed upon the stranger's face, seemed recalling some dim yet fearful memory of her previous life. The continuity was rapid and brief, yet seemingly fraught with satisfaction—for Monna Barbara's dark features became overspread with a light that softened their harsh outlines into a look of deep thankfulness and peace. She beckoned feebly, nodding her head, and the colonel, swayed by a strange impulse, dismounted at once, and throwing his bridle to Maitre Pierre, drew Valentine to the aged woman. Valentine, as if controlled by a like influence, dropped Bianca's hand, and approached Monna Barbara on the other side.

As the two thus stood before the crou, whilst Tomaso's glazing eyes looked upward from her lap, and the beautiful countenance of Francesca suffused with tears, was raised in mute surprise, the glance of Valentine and his colonel again indicated apparently to renew the singular sympathy that apparently united their natures. Monna Barbara recognized this, and her eyes grew brighter and her features yet softer in their expression. She slowly outstretched her thin fingers, and clasping the hands of each drew them together, uniting them as if in friendship. Then in a clear and distinct tone she said:

"Sieur Montaldi—thou, whose house twenty years ago was high as the mountains—dost thou wert then deprived of thine only child—hold him now before thee! Siur Montaldi, this young man is thy son—that long-lost child!"

At the old woman's first words, which revealed his name, the colonel seemed to recall in his mind a terrible occurrence of the past, and as the revelation proceeded his face grew pale as marble, and then became flushed with returning blood. Then, as the crou ceased speaking, he pressed his hand to his breast as if to calm the tumult of the heart beneath, and exclaimed in a broken voice:

"Great God! can this be true?" Monna Barbara hastily turned her hand beneath the coarse jacket that covered her neck, and drew forth the cross of jet which she had found upon the floor of her hovel in Val d'Ara. Attached to this cross by its chain, there now appeared a small golden armband, such as might have decked the infant shoulder of a child of the nobility. At the sight of this simple ornament, the colonel, who had been addressed as the Siur Montaldi, became violently agitated. He raised the token, and held it close to his eyes.

"Look, Siur Montaldi—behold the arms of thy house engraved upon the inner circle. That golden armband clasped thy little son's arm, when I, unhappy woman, tore him from his infant couch, and fled with him to the mountains, whilst thy castle crumbled to ruins in the flames kindled by my revenge!"

"Thy revenge, woman! How had I injured thee?"

"Deeply! O, deeply!" cried Monna Barbara, gathering strength as the memories of her early life crowded upon her. "Listen, Siur Montaldi, and attest the truth of these, my pining words—for not long will the wretched Barbara survive this hour. Twenty years ago, Siur Montaldi, thou wert governor of a castle and lord of a beautiful valley in Switzerland. A band of outlawed men, persecuted by unjust laws, had taken refuge on thy domain, making hiding-places of the mountains that looked down upon thy castle. These men were hunted by thy soldiers, dispersed as brigands are a crime had stained their hands. Their leader, a brave man, whose country's tyrants had driven him to exile, was tracked, wounded, to a cavern in the hills, and dragged from the arms of his wife and helpless babes. What mattered it that he afterwards escaped his persecutors?—the deed was done, and his wife, maddened with her loss, revenged his fate on thee and on thy house!"

Monna Barbara paused, and the Siur Montaldi seemed about to speak; but she resumed her recital immediately.

"I was that unhappy wife! 'Twas I who, seeking out the scattered outlaws, inspired them with my frenzy of revenge; while thou, leaving thy castle to hunt thy hated fellow-men—"

"Not so—not so!" interrupted the colonel. "Say not that I hated the outlaws. I was a magistrate, compelled by duty to proceed against the outlaws—"

"Ah!—duty!" cried Monna Barbara. "And I was a wife whose duty was to revenge her husband. I led the outlaws against your castle, Siur Montaldi—I, the destroying mother—and O, 'twas I who bore thy shrieking child from his cradle, and with my own wretched one, nursed him in a foreign land! It was my revenge—it was a crime, ye say! But you, too, are avenged, for I am more than childless!"

"And this—is this my son?" exclaimed the Siur Montaldi, grasping Valentine's hand, and drawing the young soldier up to his bosom.

"The Almighty restores him to me," cried the old woman. "May he forgive the manifold sins of the wretched Barbara!"

The crou's head sank upon the pale cheek of

With the rest of the household she can only communicate by gestures, and by talking on her fingers. This silent reserve the young wife maintains until she has borne her first child, from which period she becomes gradually emancipated from her constraint—she speaks to her new-born infant; then her mother-in-law is the first person she may address; after which she is allowed to converse with her own mother, then with her sisters-in-law, and afterwards her own sisters. The wife, however, is not fully emancipated, her education is not completed until after the lapse of six years.—*Eastern Scenes.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

TO JOSEPH H. BUTLER.

BY JOSEPH W. RYE.

Oh have I listened to the roosting thrush
Of thy sweet harp—thy gentle post-boy;
Oh hath it need my spirit of its pulse,
Warning my soul with true poetic fire,
And when, too, hath loved the music well,
And listened oft to tender tones like thine,
As on our ears its plaintive numbers fall,
How sweetly gush the sympathetic tear!

The requiem strains, for her beneath the wave,
How sweetly gush they passed upon the wind;
And must thou now pass through the gloomy grave,
In vision of this that thence, one to find?
Ah, shall we hear thy harp on earth no more?
In last vibrations linger on the ear,
Like angel's music from the immortal shore—
Like cherub's harping in the higher sphere!

Thou hast not lived in vain, many will weep
(Who never saw thy form, brother, ere thou)
That vision strange, of spirit, strong and deep,
Unites our hearts, which never can be sundered.
Oh to the sacred pages will we turn,
That hold the records of thy blessed name;
Our souls will there a faithful lesson learn
To walk the way the good and righteous choose.

Calmly, my brother, wait and trust in Heaven,
The sight of death precludes a glorious day;
A sweeter life shall then to thee be given,
And thou shalt wait celestial streets for aye!
Brother, farewell! I pray may you be true,
May Faith sustain thee in the trying hour;
Give thee bright visions of the world on high,
And over death, a more than mortal power.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

BUY THE COAT THAT FITS.

BY MRS. S. F. DOUGHERTY.

"It is an honest calling, wife," said Paul Gregory, as he shook the ashes from his pipe, and laid it in its accustomed corner of the mantel-piece. "An honest calling, and I have followed it for twenty years, and my father did the same before me."

"The more reason you should give it up now, husband. It is well enough to stick to one trade until you see your way clear to do something better; but I suppose you have no particular fancy for having your sons and grandsons follow in the same beaten track. On their account I wish you to engage in some business a little more respectable than that of a milkman."

"It is an honest calling, as I told you before, wife, and as respectable a business as can be found in the country. I should like to hear any one say it is not respectable."

"We won't quarrel about words, Paul. Keeping a milk farm and driving the milk cart yourself, are certainly not the most genteel mode of earning a living. I never said a word while we could afford nothing better, but now we have Uncle George's legacy, I think it our duty to rise a peg higher in the world."

"Three thousand dollars will not do everything, Mary, but if you like, I will hire a hand to drive the cart, and I will attend to things at home a little more. And I will build a new barn, and you may add the addition to the house that you have talked of so long."

"And so spend all our money in improving this old place where we may remain buried all our days? No, no, Paul Gregory, I have a wiser plan than that to propose to you."

"And what may it be, Mary? I am all ready to listen to it," and like a dutiful husband, Paul turned his pleasant, sunburnt face toward his wife and placed himself in an attitude of attention.

"The truth is, husband, I am tired of living so out of the world. I do not want to scald the milk cans and fill them with milk all my life, nor to have my daughters grow up to do it for me. I feel ready for something better."

"Very well, wife. Now tell us what is better."

"Sell the farm, Paul, or rent it at a fair price, and invest Uncle George's three thousand in buying goods to stock a little shop which we will open in the city—a thread and needle store for instance. My friend, Mrs. Mason, thinks we would do very well at that. She has made money since she commenced the business."

"Thread and needle? I am the woman crazy? I've almost the astonished Paul Gregory; and as if at a loss how to give vent to his feelings, he refilled the pipe and whiffed away most vigorously.

"Well," continued the persevering wife, "I am not particular about that, if something else suits you better. A small dry goods store would answer, or a hat store, or—in fact almost any kind of a store you can mention."

"Who do you expect to attend to it?" condescended the husband, slightly relaxing his efforts at the pipe.

"You would, of course, have the superintendence. I have no time to spare from the children. James is old enough to assist you. You will lead an easy life to what you do now, husband."

"But do you not see, wife, that it would be like taking a fish out of the water and expecting him to live and thrive upon dry land? What do I know about tending a store? I can drive my milk cart meaningfully, and I am as good a judge of cattle as you will find in a day's journey, and a tolerable farmer besides; but this is all that can be said of Paul Gregory."

"Put him behind the counter with a yard stick in his hand, and the cows themselves might laugh."

But Mrs. Gregory was not at all dismayed at the conclusiveness of this speech. She had set her heart upon carrying her point, and long experience had taught her that much might be accomplished by patience and perseverance.

In fact, Paul Gregory was not one of those stubborn men who pride themselves upon never yielding to the influence of their wives. He often said good humoredly that Mary could wind him round her little finger if she chose, and so it proved in this case. Ere three months had elapsed, the old homestead was rented, and the whole family of Gregories, great and small, were snugly established in a tolerably comfortable house in a close, confined street of the city.

A great change it was from the fresh air and green fields of the country. The wife said they should like it well enough when they got used to it, but the husband shook his head mournfully as if implying it would be long before that time would arrive. The younger members of the family, who were thus suddenly cut off from all their childish pleasures, were full of lamentations and entreaties to return. But there they were, and there, also, was a smart looking sign informing the passer-by that Paul Gregory, who had lately driven his milk cart through that very street at the earliest dawn of day, had now arrived at the dignity of selling ready-made clothing to whoever might wish to become a purchaser.

This particular branch of business was Paul's own choice. "If I must keep shop, give me something that I can handle," he said. "None of your tapes and ribbons for me." He would have preferred a grocery, but Mrs. Gregory was quite decided for something in the dry goods line, and after much discussion the ready-made clothing was decided upon.

The amount of their funds would not permit them to commence on a very extensive scale or in a very eligible situation, but then, as Mrs. Gregory justly observed, they must be willing to creep before they could walk; and as to the street being a retired one, there were plenty of people in it, and there was no reason why there should not be good shops. So the place was taken, and after the preliminary steps of washing windows, scrubbing floors, and arranging the new goods, the window shutters were duly unfurled at an early hour every morning, and the door left invitingly open, as if to attract attention to the neat arrangement within.

For some weeks there appeared little prospect that there would be anything more than this to do. There had been some half dozen customers, it is true, but in some cases the articles did not suit, and in others the purchases were of trifling value. Poor Paul Gregory! It was a new life for him. Accustomed from his childhood to business of an active nature, it seemed dull work to sit with his feet on the counter, hour after hour, with nothing to diversify the scene, save an occasional visit from his own children, who found their chief amusement in standing in the shop door and watching what was passing in the street. Sometimes it is true his wife passed in by way of consolation, and inquired if there had been any customers, and in answer to Paul's melancholy negative, reminded him that there was nothing like patience it was always drier just before day, and other equally consolatory adages, which, however, had, by being oft repeated, lost their effect.

In this situation, his favorite pipe would have been a great comfort; but Mrs. Gregory, who to her credit be it spoken, strongly disapproved of the use of the noxious weed, had insisted that at least, the pipe must remain at the old place, and cigars be substituted instead, they being, as she observed, more genteel and suitable for people who were rising in the world. The husband submitted. How could he do otherwise? But the pipe and the cigar, and the memory was cherished with that of many other friends who appeared to belong to days gone by.

Summer succeeded spring and autumn followed summer. Prospects had brightened a little. This was the time of year for doing business. New goods were purchased, and old ones sold cheap or packed away, to re-appear at some future time. Every day saw its customers now, not that he was sure, but enough for encouragement, as hopeful Mrs. Gregory said.

But now that custom was increasing, Paul's inexperience as a salesman became more strikingly manifest. He had done well enough to sit in his chair and keep the shop from running away, but selling goods was a different concern.

The wife, who from a snug little room at the back of the shop which might justly have been termed her observatory, had a careful eye to all that was passing, was in despair and not without reason. If a garment was required for it, it was exhibited. If approved, it was handed to the purchaser with as much indifference as if it had been a quart of milk. If it did not suit, no effort was made to present it in a more favorable light; the seller often agreed with the buyer that he might do better, "that it was not exactly the thing."

Paul Gregory prided himself upon his honesty. "No tricks in trade," for him. "Honest gains," had ever been his maxim, and that of his father before him. When this last clause was added, it was of no use to contend for time at least, and Mrs. Gregory always became silent. Seemingly the following were continually occurring.

"Have you a good warm overcoat of my fit, Mr. Gregory?" inquired a brisk, business like looking man, entering the little shop with a quick step and a hurried air. "I am just off on a journey, and the air seems so keen that I believe it is time for an outer garment. The one that I wore last winter is just shabby."

"I have one which will pretty suit you, I believe, sir," and Paul moved about with unconscious alacrity, for the door of the observatory was heard to jar slightly, indicating that the watchful Mrs. Gregory was within.

A handsome, well-made coat was produced, and was evidently viewed with satisfaction by the intended purchaser.

"Exactly the thing, if it only fits," he exclaimed, as he drew it on. "What is the price?"

"Twenty dollars."

"Cheap at that—but how does it look? rather large, is it not?"

"Too large altogether!" frankly replied Paul. (Here the door shut violently.) "Perhaps I have one that will suit you better."

But the quality of those now presented was not better.

"This is exactly what I want," repeated the gentleman, turning once more to the one first exhibited, "if it would only fit, and after all, it does not appear to be much out of the way. How does the back look?"

"Badly," was the quiet reply. "A large wrinkle across the shoulders."

"Well then, I suppose I must go back to the shop above. I saw one there that fitted me exactly, but the color was not the shade I wanted. But I must have one without delay, for the cars leave in half an hour."

"Buy the one that fits, by all means, sir," returned honest Paul. "A little difference in color need not be thought of in comparison with the fit."

"Have you been in the business long, my friend?" asked the disappointed purchaser, as he turned from the desired coat.

"Some six months only," was the reply.

"I thought you were a new hand at it. And if you will take it kindly, I will give you the same advice that you have just given me. True, he had known it all before, but it is pleasant to hear our own opinions confirmed by others. It often gives strength for action, and sustains us in combating difficulties.

"Buy the coat that fits," repeated Paul, and the words seemed to comfort him even while listening to the remonstrances of his wife, who emerging from her hiding-place, expostulated on the extreme folly he had shown in the case of the overcoat.

The husband listened with his usual patience, but the expression of his countenance was different from usual, as he replied: "Never mind, wife, I am going to wake up now and do a good business. You will see how the coat will fit." This last clause was lost upon Mrs. Gregory, for she was already making her retreat as another customer entered.

It would have been difficult to have learned from Paul Gregory what had been sold that day, or at what price the goods had been disposed of. "Some great change had come over him," his wife observed, and indeed, his demeanor was very different from usual, or from what it had been of late.

He whistled lively airs, chatted gaily with his wife, frolicked with the children, and asked them how the city agreed with them, laughing immoderately at the reply of a smart little girl of six, "that there was no air in the city—that she had not felt any since she came from home."

Toward evening, Paul announced his intention of going to take a look at the old place, as quarter day was coming, and he wished to see if there was a good prospect of getting the rent. Mrs. Gregory made no objection, for ready money had been scarce of late, and she was glad to hear that there was some in prospect. "James could tend the shop well enough for the evening."

It was wonderful how Paul's cheerfulness increased after his return from the farm. He assured his wife that everything was in prime order, but they were likely to lose their tenant soon, but he had taken the California fever, Mrs. Gregory appeared somewhat concerned at this, but her husband assured her it was of no consequence. He had already received an application. For two weeks all went on as usual, and then came another visit to the farm.

"Do not be anxious about me if I stay late, Mary," said Paul to his wife, as he left the house: "I may visit some of our old friends this evening, and it is a long distance to come. Go to bed, and I will come in when I am ready."

Unsuspecting Mrs. Gregory obeyed, and quite unaware of her husband's prolonged absence, sleepily, until at early dawn the shrill cry of the milkman disturbed her slumbers.

"It is possible it is so late!" she exclaimed, springing hastily to her feet. "And where is Mr. Gregory? The load of summer of milkman was repented, and their maid of all work for some unknown reason, answered it not. Haughty throwing on a wrapper, Mrs. Gregory descended, and with pitcher in hand unfurled the door. There stood a well known horse and cart, and a well known voice, even that of her own husband, bade her a cheerful good-morning, and requested to know if he might have the pleasure of receiving her."

"What nonsense is this, Paul Gregory?" she exclaimed, quick agast with surprise and vexation.

"No nonsense at all, wife. Sound common sense. I have bought the coat that fits, and am a milkman once more. If you like to keep on with the shop, you are welcome to do so. I will call on you every morning and attend to your wants so far as I can without neglecting my own business. Or if you prefer coming back to the old place, you will find me there alone, and ready to give you a hearty welcome."

The milk cart was rattling merrily down the street before Mrs. Gregory had sufficiently recovered herself to reply. Almost mechanically, she set down the milk pitcher and returned to her own room to dress, and attend to her usual morning duties. Throughout that long day she said but little, but thoughts were busy.

Several days passed away. Every morning the milk cart came rattling to the door, and regularly did Mrs. Gregory answer to the call. None knew what took place in these interviews, but ere long the observing neighbors noticed that the new clothing store was to let, and soon after this a house was let, and Mrs. Gregory, a new man, and that he had returned his old coat, was seen actively superintending the removal of furniture, and most carefully assisting his wife and children into the comfortable looking carriage, which was to convey them once more to the old place.

Another week, and it seemed almost like a dream, that they had ever left it. The children whose returning roars showed that they had found their home, were full of delights—the father, mingling with contentment, resumed his pipe when the labors of the day were over, and declared himself a happy man once more; while good Mrs. Gregory assiduously scolded the milk cans with cheerful zeal, and yielding to the happiness around her, declared that after all there was nothing like wearing a coat that fits.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE SPECTRE DOG.

A SINGULAR CASE IN MEDICINE.

BY GILBERT LE FEVRE.

LOUIS LE VERT was a classmate of mine at college, and we studied medicine together at Paris. We had been companions from childhood, and thus far in mature years, for we had both reached our twenty-sixth year. A merrier, clearer-headed, circumspect fellow it was never my fortune to meet, and I respected while I loved him most heartily. Of course the vicissitudes of Parisian life through which we passed during our residence in the gayest of all gay capitals, were various, and the round of pleasure and studies continuous. Two years had passed thus, and we were already talking about quitting the hospitals and preparing ourselves for personal advancement in our profession of medicine, when I thought I saw a trifling change come over my companion's manner and feelings towards me, and yet I could hardly say in what, or how.

High-minded, sensitive to an extreme degree, and really most kind-hearted, I feared to make known my feelings or thoughts upon the subject to him, and so matters went on from day to day, until the restraint between us seemed to be fastened, and I knew not why. I fancied that Le Vert was ill, and questioned him about the matter; he acknowledged a slight dyspepsia, but declared it nothing worth noticing, and so the matter continued. Finally, I either saw, or fancied I saw, a singular expression in his eyes at times, and once caught him drawing a long sigh, following a sudden start and exclamation of unpleasant surprise. O, thought I, his plain emotion, Le Vert is in love! No doubt of it. He'll open his bosom to me one of these days. I'll wait.

But matters grew worse, my friend became very silent, and at times would suddenly utter a loud exclamation, shudder as though he had a fit of the ague, seize his hat and hasten out of the room, not returning sometimes for hours, and when he did come back, giving evidence of having been walking swift and far, until he was very tired, and very exhausted. I was amazed, and could not understand his singular behaviour; others began to notice it, and one or two medical friends freely expressed their convictions that Le Vert was threatened with aberration of mind.

One day we, that is Le Vert, two or three medical students of our class and myself, were sitting in our cosy room, which we occupied in common as a sitting and smoking-room, when suddenly, Le Vert, who had not spoken a word for some time, exclaimed:

"Good God! there it is again!"

"What?" I asked.

"That terrible dog."

"Dog?"

"Yes, yes. Don't you see him there?" pointing with his finger to his side, while a cold shudder passed over his whole frame, and he grew pale as death, and his eyes seemed as though ready to start out of their sockets.

"I see nothing, Le Vert, you are dreaming," I replied.

He shook his head slowly and sadly, then covering his eyes with his hands sat still in silence some more, while we exchanged significant glances with each other, as much as to say, it is so. Le Vert is already half mad. We pretended not to notice him, but kept on with our conversation, yet carefully observing him the while. He did not move for half an hour, and we thought he had fallen to sleep, when he slowly removed his hands from his face once more, turned towards the side where he had lately pointed, and looking imploringly towards us, exclaimed:

"Wont you take that dog away? For heaven's sake, remove him, he sticks to me like a shadow."

"There is no dog here, Le Vert," we all said.

"Fie, fie, gentlemen, do you think you can deceive me?"

"What sort of a dog is it, Le Vert?" I asked, wittily.

"Can't you see at a glance that it is a Newfoundland?"

"Take a little wine, Le Vert—come, we'll drink all round," I suggested, in order to divert his mind.

"I can't drink while he is there," said my friend, seizing his hat, and hastening away.

We had not studied medicine three years in Paris for nothing; our experience had been large for young men, and the case was clear at once, now Le Vert had spoken out, and we had a clue to the matter. He was laboring under monomania, and had fixed upon him an optical delusion, which caused to appear beside him a large dog, and which, as he described, followed him everywhere, so that whenever he looked to his left side, there the animal stood as large as life. He could not shake him off, he followed him through closed doors to his chamber, in the street, even in the sky.

To realize the horrible and persecuting character of such an idea, one had only to look upon my friend's sunken eye and pallid cheek, to see his fine form growing daily thinner and thinner, and his physical strength gradually sinking. His appetite was gone, and he was to all appearances rapidly sinking into a fatal consumption. On all other matters he was perfectly sane—there was no want of sound common sense in every thing else in his business relations, but that one spectre dog—it was always there!

What was to be done? Medicine seemed to be of no use any farther than to introduce some quieting anodynes into his wine, which we did, and he enjoyed very good sleep, but on waking, the same trouble returned regularly. We tried to induce him to use some tonics and other prescriptions, but, as supposed dyspepsia, but he assured us that his digestive organs were never in a healthier state, and this was probably the fact, though dyspepsia had doubtless at the outset been the inducing cause of monomania, the disorganization of the stomach in some way thus affecting that sensitive organ, the brain. We

consulted carefully upon the subject among ourselves, and were resolved, if possible, to relieve Le Vert from his haunting idea!

It was of no more use to attempt to reason with him, than it would be to reason with a confirmed madman on this one topic; reason was not the panacea he required; his mind was not capable of reason upon that point; he was just as certain as the dog itself that he saw him whenever he cast his eyes at his left side, as we saw him when regarding his face and person directly before us. It was no evidence of the creature's absence because he could not touch him. He declared that he could not reach him, for he was just out of arm's length and kept there, receding as he advanced. These facts we got from him at various times, and resolved to resort to some stratagem, if possible, to effect a cure.

We had already succeeded in improving his bodily strength by judicious medicines clandestinely introduced in a glass of wine; he had enjoyed good, refreshing and profound sleep for many nights, and really, in all things save that one dreaded dog, he appeared to be quite like himself, the pallor of his cheek was less striking, and there was something of the old friendly expression of features, though all was occasionally interrupted by that significant shadow.

"I know what the end will be," he whispered to me, one day; "this creature will run mad, bite me, and I shall die of hydrophobia—what a horrible idea that!"

"Never fear, Louis," I said, "if these matters are only taken in season, they yield to medicine."

"Do you think so?" he asked, thoughtfully.

"Why, certainly, my dear fellow," I replied.

"But then why can't medicine remove the dog?" he asked, half in earnest, and half as if he saw the absurdity of the idea, even through his hallucination of mind.

"Perhaps it can—perhaps it can, Le Vert, we'll try," and at the same moment a thought struck me which I seized the earliest moment to communicate to my companions, and to propose for trial upon our suffering friend.

That night I prepared a concentrated essence of lupatine, and introduced it with a like preparation of valerian in his wine, minute but powerful doses, calculated to cause him on retiring, to sleep profoundly, and to awake with his nervous system in a quiet and healthy condition. He retired as usual, and we soon after had the satisfaction of seeing him lost in a soft, refreshing slumber, and then proceeded to carry out our plan for attempting to operate to strongly on his natural sight and imagination as to effect a cure.

One of our party was despatched to a certain part of the city for a large Newfoundland dog, already purchased of the owner, and to bring it quietly to our apartments while Le Vert was asleep. We had got from him at different times a pretty general idea of the appearance of the phantom dog, and the real one had been procured so that it should as really resemble the imaginary one as possible. It was brought and properly secured for our purpose, after which we all retired fully understanding each other, and well knowing that our patient would not awake until late on the following morning.

At the proper time next morning, the dog was brought to Le Vert's bedside, care being taken to place the animal on the left side, and there he was securely tied, and I took my post, ready upon his waking to play the part as was agreed among us. All being ready, I sauntered carelessly into his chamber, as though I had no particular errand there, and walking up to his dressing-glass, I commenced to comb his hair, and to dress my hair with his comb, etc. Of course he awoke, and looking towards me good-naturedly, bade me good-morning, and then instinctively cast his eyes as usual to the left side of his narrow bed upon the floor, where of course his eyes fell upon not the phantom, but the real dog.

"Will it never leave me?" he groaned, sinking back into the bed with his usual shudder.

"Hullo, what are you talking about now, Le Vert, that rascally dog?" said I.

"Yes, yes, it is horrible."

"Fudge, man, we caught him last night after you went to bed, and chained him. There's no use of having him eternally tagging at your heels. Laurie and I are going to kill him this morning."

"Impossible, you can't touch him. I have tried a hundred times to bite him!"—and so he spoke, he made what he supposed would be a vain attempt to touch the animal, but in wonder, drew back his hand, and exclaimed—"Good God, Gilbert, it is tangible!"

"Of course it is, only it is terribly shy, but we have got it chained now, and there shall be an end of it."

"Is it possible?"

"Why, see here, Le Vert," said I, unchaining the dog from the bed post, and leading it towards the door, "what do you think now?"

"Is this a miracle?"

"No more than that you are in bed—then get up, man, dress yourself and you shall see this nuisance snuff to the bottom of the Seine with a twenty pound weight tied to his neck. Come on, comrades, I command!"

I will, I will. God grant I may get rid of this fearful pest," he continued, as he hurried on his clothes, and half dressed, followed me.

Our companions joined us, and being well posted in the part which was to enact, every word and movement went to fix our designed purpose on our friend's mind. The river was hard by and the bank was soon gained. I made Le Vert affix the weight and chain to his neck, and then, with his own hands, and together we cast him into deep water. The creature lay rested wildly upon the rising bubbles over the spot where the animal sunk, until we thought it was time to change the conversation and induce him to leave the spot.

Of course we took care to carry out our plan perfectly, never denied the fact of the dog's having haunted him, but only denied the circumstance of his final destruction. Among ourselves we agreed not to allude to the subject unless Le Vert compelled it afterwards, and never to explain to him at all, for fear of a deleterious effect on his sensitive imagination. But the cure was radical. The dog was gone, and Le Vert saw him no more!

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION

FREDERICK GLEASON, PROPRIETOR.

MATHEW M. BALLON, EDITOR.

THE TERMS OF THE FLAG OF OUR UNION ARE \$2.00 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE. THE PAPER IS NOT DISCOUNTED AT THE EXPIRATION OF THE TIME PAID FOR. SEE INSTRUCTIONS ON THE LAST PAGE.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS DESIGNED FOR PUBLICATION IN THE PAPER, MUST BE ADDRESSED TO F. GLEASON, PROPRIETOR, 111 N. 10TH ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

CONTENTS OF OUR NEXT NUMBER.

We give the opening chapters of a new novelette, entitled, "The Wandering Gipsy, or the Infant Sister of Tullio," by our old favorite contributor, STEPHEN COLE, JR.

A Minute Sketch from "My Window," by LUCY LEWIS.

"The Prison Doctor," a tale by M. V. LEON.

"Little Bessie," a story by KATHARINE M. BROWN.

"The Fuged Note," a tale by FRANCES A. DEWEAVE.

"The White Lamb and the Black," a sketch by Mrs. R. WELMONT.

"An Ancient Friend," a poem by B. J. HOWE.

"An Ancient Friend," lines by H. W. FAYSON.

"To the North American," a verse.

"Come Home," lines by L. G. GARDNER.

"The Happy Village," a poem by J. ALFORD.

"Thoughts on Sunday," a sketch by S. S. SPENCER.

ARTICLES RECEIVED.

"Love," "Lines on leaving Home," "Ode to Darkness," "Song of Summer," "Parody on Kiddle Breeze," "Hail, Ode of Day," and "Tale of a Martyr."

CONSTATAD.

A few weeks since we gave the readers of the Pictorial a clear and well-defined engraving of this important Russian naval station, the port of St. Petersburg, and the probable theatre of military events during the present war.

The following graphic description, from the pen of C. Marchal de Lamoignon, extracted from the manuscript journal of a journey from France to China, by way of Russia and Siberia, will be read with interest at this moment, and we cannot perhaps do better than to give it in his own words:

"We ascended to the quarter-deck of the vessel, and gave ourselves up to a contemplation of the Russian fleet, in the presence of the great admirals, which had been presented to our eyes. On both sides of the land was visible at a little distance. The sea outside the channel on which we found ourselves, was covered with shoals, designated by buoys. On the harbor side the town of Constatad, with its forests of masts extending beyond the houses, surrounded by ramparts loaded with artillery. A little farther on, an imposing fort of heavy stone, thrown into the sea, and designed to defend the approaches of the channel. On the starboard, the fort of Constatad, with its batteries; further on, a new fort, like that of Constatad, constructed with the same view. Right before the channel, on the edge of the horizon, and at the distance of sixteen miles, can be discerned the shining, gilded dome of St. Isaac's, the new cathedral of St. Peter and Paul.

I had time to sketch this view, full of animation, to which the hammering of the caulkers, resounding from a distance, and the hissing of steam, added a character of labor and industry. At this place where you now witness an assembly of the greatest maritime forces of Russia, hardly fifty years ago there were but a few huts, belonging to the poor fishermen of Finland. In the places where so many sparkling domes glitter on the horizon, there existed in the infancy of unbelieved mariners, on a river constantly overthrown by banks, the ruins called Nieuwstadt, where a few Swedes defended themselves against their savage neighbors.

There are now forty thousand inhabitants in the island of Odin, in a town which is called Constatad. And there, at the bottom of this gulf, rises a capital of marvellous grandeur, with all the treasures of civilization, containing a population of 500,000 souls, leading the most sumptuous life, and called St. Petersburg. This master-work of transformation is due to the man whose wooden cabin on the right bank of the Neva, together with his boat, his tools and his crucifix, is preserved with veneration. It was in 1710 when Peter asked Europe to permit him to bear the title of emperor, which the Russians had just conferred upon him, that he created the port of Constatad. Timmerman of Stralsburg, his preceptor, had shown him at Ismail his grandfather's gunboat; he wished it to be transferred into his new capital, and to be the commencement of his navy.

In 1713, Peter's fleet already comprised ninety-three galleys, sixty small sail, fifty gun-boats, a bomb-boat, two armed sloops and a few transports. With these naval forces he sailed from Constatad, and after a rapid cruise brought back the Swedish vessels he had captured. On the 11th of August, 1723, he gave a festival commemorative in the annals of his country, to commemorate the results he had obtained from his labors and his new expeditions. He set afloat the gun-boat of his ancestor, Nikita Ivanovitch Romonoff, which he had repaired by himself, and went on board to pass in review on the water spot on which we found ourselves, the fleet of which he was so proud. He held the first dinner; Prince Mentikoff assisted as hostmaster; admirals Levitsky, Gordon, Sinavin and Lunders held the oar; Otto, his grand-master of artillery, served the single gun mounted on the boat. In proportion as the latter advanced before the line of battle, each vessel saluted the emperor with her flag in the midst of the detonations of artillery and the crash of military music. A grand banquet ended this solemnity so glorious for the founder of the Russian navy, and the next morning he re-entered St. Petersburg in the same boat, which was consecrated under the title of 'Father of the Russian Fleet,' in the chapel of the cathedral of St. Peter and St. Paul, the St. Dennis of Russian sovereigns, which is in the middle of the fortress.

Since this epoch, Constatad has increased with the labor of each reign, particularly under Catherine II. In the time of this empress, the town contained 18,000 inhabitants. But its most considerable increase has occurred under the present

tsar. The port of Constatad is the largest in the empire; it contains twenty-eight first-class ships, its harbor is nearly three leagues in extent, and receives a great number of merchant ships. Since Nicholas has reached the throne, he has given the port of his capital all the development and means of defence its position requires. He has improved the channel, made soundings of the gulf, and the lighthouses have received the very latest scientific appliances. To the school of pilots, he added that of sub-officers of the navy; magnificent docks were constructed for the repair of vessels; and the Exchange, the Hospital and Marine Barracks, as well as the magazine and fortifications, received remarkable additions and improvements."

Among the disadvantages of Constatad are reckoned the fresh waters of the gulf, which in two years rot the wood employed in the ships. Another inconvenience is that the fleet is imprisoned there from the month of October to the month of May, during which time the whole of this sea becomes a sheet of ice. We must add the east winds, which prevent the carrying of sail in the narrow limits of the channel, and which are a source of periodical terror to the inhabitants of Constatad and St. Petersburg. In 1824, these two cities were submerged, and in 1851, the water of the gulf began to rise in such a terrible way, that the alarm gong rang in the ears of the inhabitants, like a funeral knell—their detestations already seemed stifled by the rising waves—an hour more, and a wet shroud seemed ascending momentarily to cover with its moving folds one of the greatest capitals, and one of the greatest ports in the world.

POISONOUS CONFECTORY.

The following paragraph from a London publication, has a peculiar interest for persons. The "Lancet" commissioners, in reporting the result of their investigations respecting confectionery, express their surprise at the extent to which deadly and virulent poisons are daily made use of by the manufacturers of those articles. One hundred and one samples were analyzed; and of the yellow, seventy contained chromate of lead and colored gamboge; seventy-five of the red contained cochineal, red lead and sulphate of mercury; eight of the brown contained ferrous carbonate—either verdigris brown, amber, or sienna; two of the purple contained Prussian blue and cochineal; thirty-eight of the blue contained indigo, Prussian blue, Antwerp blue and a sulphate of sodium or aluminum; nineteen of the green contained Brunswick green, consisting of a mixture of chromate of lead, Prussian blue, verdigris and carbonate of copper, Schilling's green or arsenic of copper. The above colors were variously combined in various cases, three and even four poisons occurring in the same parcel of confectionery. In four of the samples the colors were painted on with white lead or carbonate of lead; thirteen of the samples were adulterated with hydrated sulphate of lime; seventeen samples were adulterated with white flour, some with potatoe flour and one with arrowroot.

YOUR TEETH.

Cleanse them with a soft brush and water. This simple direction, faithfully followed, will ordinarily keep the teeth good till old age. We would urge this, because, if neglected, the following are the results. Your breath will become offensive from defective teeth; your comfort will be destroyed by frequent tooth-ache; your health will suffer from want of good teeth to chew your food; and last, though not least, you will early lose your teeth, which will materially affect your voice, both in speaking and in singing. These may seem small affairs now, but the habit of neglect will bring bitter repentance, when it is too late to remedy the neglect.

SCARCITY OF SILVER.—Twenty thousand seamen have been drawn from commerce to man the British, and fifteen thousand to man the French fleets. The Russians have twenty thousand more—all for blockade. This aggregate amount is sufficient to man two thousand merchant ships. This loss of European commerce will be supplied, a correspondent of the National Intelligencer argues, by the United States within the next year. There will then be in demand, two thousand captains, six thousand mates, and fifty thousand seamen.

GOLD FROM CALIFORNIA.—The San Francisco Advertiser of the 15th ult., gives the total amount of the shipments of gold from California by steamers to the Atlantic States for one year, in round numbers, as \$54,000,000! This does not include the amounts sent to other parts of the world by sailing vessels, nor does it take into consideration the amount carried home by individuals privately.

WEST POINT.—Only forty-two cadets graduated at West Point this year, although the class originally contained a hundred members. Fifty-eight were dismissed or turned back on account of deficiency in scholarship. They put them through a hard course there.

SUNDAY WORK.—The morning papers of Buffalo have united in an arrangement to issue a paper hereafter on Sunday morning, thereby avoiding Sunday labor. They will print a paper on Saturday evening, and distribute on Sunday morning.

MARINE.—A subscriber having heard of some vessel going on a trial trip one day last week, wishes to know what deck she appeared in, and whether she got over the bar during the proceedings.

FUNNY.—The editor of the Albany Transcript says that the New York Day Book is set out entirely by girls, and adds that he should like to "set up with them."

QUAINT.—The first three children baptized in Boston, were Joy, Reconspence, and Pity.

EDITORIAL INK-DROPS.

Money may be the root of all evil, but we should have no objection to a trunk of it. Of the 65,872 inhabitants of Chicago, 53,879 are of foreign birth.

The man who raised his feelings, is supposed to have been a little in the agricultural way. A man is seldom successful that is diffident of himself.

Another heavy item to bear down the price of flour is the splendid wheat crop of Canada. All flocks are not knaves, but all knaves are fools.

The reports from the gold region on the river Amazon are very favorable.

Every judge in the State of Tennessee is a Son of Temperance.

Men may give good advice, but they cannot give the sense to make a right use of it.

Saratoga is now connected with the rest of the world by telegraphic wires.

At the Fenwick House, Saybrook, Ct., female waiters attend upon the tables.

Diminish principle, and you increase the need of force.

One man in Riverhead, L. I., raised 3000 quarts of strawberries this year.

There are in the State of New York 286 lodges, and 15,900 Free Masons.

Did men govern themselves as they ought, the world would be well disciplined.

The man who moved an amendment injured his spine by the operation.

They are fortifying San Francisco harbor at a cost of two millions.

One young lady with "speaking eyes" has become quite bourse, by using them so much.

The way of the world is to make laws, but follow customs.

For the heartache, try three months in the honeymoon. Great invention, that moon.

The trader who trusted to appearances, has added another patron to the "loss" account.

AN OLD BRUISER.

The New Bedford, (Mass.) Standard relates the following:—"In 1831, we published an account of the whalerip Ann Alexander, Capt. Deloit, of this port, being attacked and coming in by a sperm whale. The whale was struck at the rate of fifteen miles an hour, and the ship going about five, at the time of the collision. The whale came with full force against the ship's bows, and stove in several square feet, almost instantly sinking the vessel, and barely leaving those on board an opportunity to escape. The Honolulu Friend of May 5, states that about five months subsequent to the catastrophe, the same whale was taken by the Rebecca Sims of this port. Two harpoons were discovered in him marked 'Ann Alexander.' The whale's head was found severely injured, and contained pieces of the ship's timbers. He had lost his willpower and force, being very much diseased; but upon being taken, yielded 70 or 80 blbs. of oil."

MANUFACTURE OF CATFISH.—The sturgeon fishery is very extensive on the rivers of New England. A part of the fish is valuable for the manufacture of sturgeon.

The spaw is largely bought up by a German, who for several years, has manufactured therefrom a confection called "caviar," clear and beautiful as jelly, and which he sends to Europe, where it is esteemed a greater luxury than even *pot de foie gras*. The sturgeon is not, as many suppose, a fresh water fish; they go up the rivers to spawn, and like to stay about some time after spawning in fresh water.

DIVING BELLS.—A new diving bell is being constructed in Wilmington for laying the submerged foundations of the Susquehanna bridge. It is ten feet in diameter, and competent to carry safely about one dozen workmen to the bottom of the river. A stock company has been formed in Wilmington for the purpose of equipping a company to use this bell to fish for pearls on the Pacific coast.

THE PROOF OF DEATH.—A recent case of apparent death at Paris, which afterwards proved not to be real, has caused a good deal of discussion upon the subject of premature interment. Many interesting cases are given in the medical journals, from which the conclusion is drawn that decomposition is the sole convincing proof of death.

CRIBBETTES.—The following, recently sent from Paraguay, by the American expedition in that quarter, were shipped from the Brooklyn Navy Yard, a day or two since, for Washington, viz., one bag of skins, one box animal skins, one keg of reptiles, one jar reptiles, and for the Insane Retreat, one box, containing an anti-cancer and four rare birds.

CALIFORNIA GAME.—A large California lion was recently caged in a wooden trap, near the head of Dry Creek, Georgetown. He went into the trap for some bait that he was put for him, and killed his accommodations so well that he staid there. He has been sold for \$200.

PEAT FOR FUEL.—The Waterbury American says that two beds of peat have recently been discovered about two miles from that city, and that two joint stock companies have been formed, for the purpose of supplying it as fuel.

WRITING INK.—Eyring & Fairbanks sell an excellent article of writing ink, manufactured by Hadley & Fields, New York. It flows easily, and will not corrode the pen at all. We have used it with great satisfaction.

WARDWARD NO.—From the number of parties wending their steps as settlers towards Nebraska and Kansas, those territories will not only soon have governments, but a population.

CONVULSION BY PUNCH.—"Why have bulls an aversion to crimson?" Because their frenzy is a species of hate-red."

GLEASON'S PICTORIAL DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION.

For the present week embrace the following contents: "Notes of Foreign Travel," No. 9, by F. GLEASON. Also an account of the Japanese," No. 6, by Rev. LUTHER FARNHAM. "The Battle of the Marston," a story by Mrs. M. B. ROBINSON. "The Battle of the Marston," a sketch by T. S. ARNOLD. "A Pease Blossom for Children," by J. W. REGAT. "Words of Cheer," a poem by Irene Clifford. "What is Death," a line by J. B. HARRIS.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

This week's Pictorial contains a likeness of Commodore Oliver Perry, the hero of Lake Erie, during the last war with Great Britain. A series of engravings giving views of the French Post Chais, in the various interesting characteristics of that organization of military service. A view of the town of Inverness, Me., from the Cemetery, Harmony Grove. A view of the entrance to the Cemetery. Monument to Jesse Smith, in Harmony Grove. Portraits of Lieutenant Murray, whose name is identified with recent discoveries in relation to the laws governing the human eye. Portraits of Lieutenant Charles Hunter of the U. S. Navy. A picture of the Old and New Jungfermann, Hamburg. A picture of a Norwegian Carriage. A representation of a German Carriage of the sixteenth century. A picture of that aquatic curiosity, the European Sauger. Also an engraving of a very curious and rare fish caught not long since off the English coast, the *Reginose Gleser*, or *Elbow Fish*. A view of a collection of African animals belonging to the Earl of Derby, at Knowsley, Lancashire, England. "The Pictorial is for sale at all the Periodical Depots in the United States, at six cents per copy."

Foreign Items.

At last accounts, Sir Charles Napier's fleet with cholera on board had gone to anchor in Bomarsund Bay.

There are now eighty-six fox-hunting establishments in England. In 1830, there were sixty-eight, and in 1850, eighty-four.

At a grand hand race in the British camp in Turkey, a fine charger, which had borne Dembinsky through the Hungarian war, fell on its head and was killed.

The play of Hamlet has been enacted in tragic career, at Agra, in India, according to the foreign news. The King of Agra has poisoned his brother, seized the throne, and married the old queen.

The recent debate in the British Parliament, evidently settled the fact that England is prepared to let Canada be just as free as she desires, and it will probably not long ere they will be permitted to elect their own government.

The Papal government has been severely afflicted by the desertion en masse of forty Swiss soldiers from the garrison of Macerata. This spirit of desertion in the battalions the government most relied on, has caused the aforesaid affliction.

A great mercantile fraud has been discovered in London, similar in character to that of Schuyler, in New York, and about the same amount. Forged gold warrants to the extent of £400,000 have been detected, upon which money had been previously borrowed. Several London mercantile houses have failed in consequence.

One of the most reliable of the foreign correspondents says that "Mazzini is now in Switzerland, waiting a favorable opportunity to leave for his native Italy. He is now in the Austrian Italian States. Persons here intimately acquainted with him—persons who know his propensities—strongly recommend forward to a revolution in Italy shortly."

Deadpools of Wisdom.

Flattery is like false money; and if it were not for our vanity, could never pass in payment.—Rochester.

The great are under as much difficulty to expend with pleasure, as the mean to labor with success.—Young.

Nothing can atone for the want of modesty and innocence, without which beauty is ungraceful, and quality contemptible.—Spectator.

Pleasures sensibly taken, enervate the soul, make fables of the wise, and cowards of the brave. A libertine life is not a life of liberty.—Seneca.

Some people are nothing but money, pride, and pleasure. These three things govern their thoughts, and take up their whole soul.—Calder.

There is but one solid pleasure in life, and that is our duty. How miserable, then, how unwise, how unsatisfactory are they, who make that our pain!—Young.

The best dowry to advance the marriage of a young lady, is mildness in her countenance, wisdom in her speech, modesty in her behavior, and virtue in her life.—Fulton.

Honors, monuments, and all the works of vanity and ambition, are demolished and destroyed by time; but the reputation of wisdom is venerable to posterity.—Seneca.

No good man was ever inwardly troubled for the commission of any pleasure; from whence it follows, that pleasures, strictly speaking, are neither profitable nor good.—M. Aurel.

Riches are given with pain, kept with care, and lost with grief. The cares of riches lie heavier upon a good man, than the inconveniences of an honest poverty.—L'Estrange.

Those who live magnificently, for the most part are the real poor. They endeavor to get money on all hands with disgust and trouble, to maintain the pleasures of others.—St. Evremont.

Joker's Budget.

It is stated that the editor of the Massachusetts Life Boat is delighted to learn that "the Crax has refused to treat."

"Fuss and Feathers" is a name given to a style of ladies' bonnets just introduced among the fashionable circles.

Men feel best when least "dressed up"—women when most so. The two institutions are as different as haystacks and umbrellas.

"Digby, will you please be the judge of the latter?" "Thank you, marm; I belong to the temperance society, and can't take anything strong."

Cardinal Richelieu used to say that it would take as many millions of years to get souls out of purgatory as it would to take souls into it, even an oven.

A tailor in this city advises for "a number of days" that he will be called by the name of here, we should suppose nearly all the coat-makers would be this once.

A small, dirty, square-faced note passed through a post office in South Durham, recently addressed in a plain rough hand, "To the King of Ruahya, foren, with speed."

A convicted man of the name of Doyley having been told that he would be called by Doyley, somebody at dinner addressed him thus:—"Mr. Doyley, will you have a de-umpling?"

Quill and Scissors.

The Baltimore Sun, remarking upon the enormous quantity of gunnys, now in that city, says, the warehouses are filled, and hundreds of tons are piled up on the wharves, some under temporary sheds, and some in the open air and covered with canvas. Some of the gunnys were thirteen cargoes afloat in the harbor, the hatches of which had not yet been broken.

The Troy Whig announces the death on Sunday week, of Mrs. Hiram Bacon, one of the oldest and most successful school teachers in the city of Troy. The cause of his death was a disease of the heart. Mr. Bacon was a native of Berkshire county, Mass., but has been a resident of Troy since the year 1840.

The taxation for the municipal government, in New York city, is estimated, for the ensuing year, at nearly five millions of dollars. The rate of taxation is one dollar, five and three-quarters cents on every hundred dollars of value.

In consequence of the great rise in the price of paper in England, seriously diminishing, if not altogether destroying, the profits of some of the provincial journals, some of the journals there have resolved to increase their rates of sale and subscription.

The city authorities of Norfolk have ordered that all vessels arriving from Brazil, the West Indies, Gulf of Mexico and the Spanish Main, shall be quarantined below, until they can be thoroughly inspected, and none of the crews of their having malignant diseases on board.

On board the steamer Atlantic, on Tuesday night, on her way from Boston to Portland, a man, whose shirt and stockings were marked "W. E." shot himself with a double-barreled pistol through the heart.

Mr. Jaynes, of Nashville, Tennessee, blew himself and house up recently, by putting a keg of powder under it. Four buildings were burned in consequence, and the loss is considerable.

Mr. Crockett, postmaster at Wheeling, Va., and the editor of the Wheeling Times, had a personal quarrel in that city, which resulted in a new blow, without material damage to either party.

On Friday week, while Mr. Jephthah Hopkins and his son were at work in the field in Foster, N. Y., leading a horse, lighting a stick of powder, he shot himself with a double-barreled pistol through the heart.

A good book and a good woman are excellent things for those who know how to appreciate them. The former is a treasure, the latter a judge both from the beauty of their covering.

The total receipts of customs at the port of New York, for the fiscal year ending July 1, was \$43,165,780 15, exhibiting an increase over the preceding year of \$3,488,128.

Five of the Japan peas which the Meredith Bridge Democrat received from the patent office came up, and have grown very tall, but do not show any signs of blossoming.

Charles Wheeler, the architect of the new bridge over the Ohio, at Wheeling, crossed it in a carriage on Tuesday last. It will be opened to the public very shortly.

The Wilmington Herald has had a watermelon which measured in diameter 12 inches; round the waist 36 inches; and round both ends 5 feet 1 1/2 inches.

The Bank of Ireland has declared a dividend of 4 1/2 per cent, the largest for many years, leaving £13,000 to be carried to the surplus fund.

Cleanliness may be said to be the foster-mother of love. Beauty, indeed, most commonly produces that passion in the mind, but cleanliness preserves it.

A mad dog ran into Mr. John Snelling's parlor, in Chelsea, on Wednesday week, to the great terror of the occupants, and was shot by Mr. Albert Black, a singer by trade, and supposed to belong in Hartford, committed suicide by cutting his throat, at Whately.

Men begin life better than they do their predecessors, and end it rejoicing if they have done so well.

Philadelphians are taxed, this year, \$1.50 on the hundred dollars of property.

It is good to rectify our natures, not to force them.

Marriages.

In this city, by Rev. J. O. Stockbridge, Mr. Warren A. Nickerson to Miss Louisa E. Moulton. By Mr. Rev. Theodore D. Treadwell, James McAdams to Miss Sarah C. Bissell.

By Rev. F. G. Gilley, Mr. Samuel O. Kenney to Miss Susan Nason. By Rev. D. R. Bantister, Mr. William Wiggin to Miss Melinda McMillin.

By Rev. Mr. Kirk, Mr. Faniel Foster to Miss Agnes Johnston. By Rev. Dr. Neale, Mr. Charles C. Bills to Miss Vesta Ryerson.

By Rev. L. S. Schwan, Mr. Joseph King to Miss B. Hill of East Boston. By Rev. F. G. Gilley, Mr. Lewis Foster to Miss Susan Jones.

By Rev. S. Ellis, Mr. Gordon D. McNear to Miss Mary Kelley. By Rev. Dr. Vinton, Captain Charles H. Brown to Miss Harshbarger.

In Boston, by Rev. Rufus W. Clark, David Myerle, M. D. to Miss Mary Jane Rogers. In Chelsea, by Rev. Mr. Phelps, Mr. Henry Hudson to Miss Hannah E. Blake.

In Watertown, by Rev. S. C. Cresswell, Rev. G. de Louie, to Miss Louisa W. Rogers. In Dedham, by Rev. Mr. Fisher, Mr. Henry Shaw to Miss Susan L. Green.

In Framingham, by Rev. Mr. Robbins, Mr. William B. Moore to Miss Maria E. Bartlett. In Newburyport, by Rev. D. P. Pike, Mr. James Brown to Miss Mary E. Anderson.

In Waples, by Rev. Mr. Merrick, Mr. Louis Houtstetter to Miss Ellen Pratt. In Yonkers (N. Y.), by Rev. C. M. Newkirk, Rev. to Miss Ellen G. At Elliptown, N. J., by Rev. N. Murray, D. D., Mr. Isaac A. Service to Miss Margaret A. Hatfield.

Deaths.

In this city, Mr. Clark B. Hammond, 57; Mr. Michael McLaughlin, 50; Mr. Mary B. Treadwell, 39; Mr. William Abraham, 31; Mrs. Elizabeth Smith Foster, 74; Mr. Charles H. Brown, 54; Mr. W. P. Plummer, of Newburyport, 3 years.

At Charlestown, Miss Rebecca Adams, 25; Miss Susan Baber, 27. At New Bedford, Samuel Drown, Esq., 21. At Newmarket, Mr. Chandler C. Crow, 43.

At Woburn, Mr. Peter Kirk, 46. At New Bedford, Mrs. Elizabeth S. Smith, wife of Mr. Henry M. Jackson, 43. At New Bedford, Mr. Samuel Drown, Esq., 21.

At Medford, Charles Edgar, son of the late Mr. William Burleigh. At Nahant, Elizabeth George Austin, wife of Mr. Francis C. Austin, 31. At Boston, Mr. William B. Moore, 31.

At Boston, Mr. Harriet R. wife of Mr. Charles C. Dike, 22. At East Weymouth, Mrs. Ann Caroline, wife of Mr. Augustus Pratt, 26. At Andover, Mr. E. D. Albee of Medford, Mass., 23.

At Andover, Mr. Simon S. Davis, of the firm of A. P. Chapman & Co., of Boston, 54. At Andover, Mrs. Sarah Goodard, 62. At Andover, Mr. William B. Moore, 31. At Warren, R. I., Miss Maria, wife of the late Joseph W. B. Moore, 31. At Andover, Mr. John D. Brown, 56.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

HOPE.

BY FANNY DELL.

Bright harbinger of Morn, whence dost thou come?
Are the green gemmed caves of the deep thy home?
Dost thou start to the rood of ocean rings,
When the storm is out on the sea's swelling wings?

In thy birth-place where the flowers race
Thy glowing eyes to the sun's warm beam?
Or bath the glittering dew-drops
Around thy home, with its diamond sheen?

On the sunny cloud, as it floats away,
In dreamy beauty, may it bid thee stay,
And make thy home in its shadowy hall,
When its banner is out on the blue sky's wall?

My home, my home—O it may not be
In the coral caves of the deep, dark sea;
Or where the flowers in their robes of light,
Are gleaming on the carpeted stage.

Nor the floating cloud, nor the dew-drop ray,
Though their lotes will might bid me stay;
But my home both beauty and darkness share—
In the heart of man, 'tis there, it is there.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

MAY LESTER.

BY MARY B. C. SLADE.

"And so, May, you have refused young Halsey, on whom more nannies have looked approvingly, and more daughters smilingly, than upon any other 'eligible' who has graced our city this winter. In truth, May, I am vexed with you; if I had time for criticism, I would count the conquests you have made this season, all of them brilliant ones, and all in vain. O naughty May."

"Unintentional, Annie, wholly unintentional." "But you shall lay aside your book and listen to me now. I regret Halsey's repulse, for you know he is one of my favorites; but Chester rejects it! Ah, I thought I should rue you. I have not seen my husband more delighted, since—"

"Since you did not refuse him?" said May. "Well, tell me why, for see, my horse is at the door, and I am in haste to ride away from scoldings and proposals."

May Lester was a lovely and beautiful woman. She had been spending the winter months with her friend in New York, and had only delayed her return to Virginia, to her own beautiful home, for she was an orphan heiress, to accompany her friends on an excursion through the Northern States.

The brilliant southern lady had won the admiration of many even in the city of beauty, but she offered homage of all hearts had, as in this last instance, been kindly, but calmly refused.

Yet was May Lester so unkindly, so unkindly, for no word or tone of his had lured on the fascinated sufferer. The dying mood, not only chide the flame that for him burned all too brightly. As she stood there in her beauty, with a bright smile beaming on her sweet countenance, her clear laugh, at the evident dissatisfaction of Mrs. Marsh, was like the merry tone of an innocent and guileless child.

"Come," said she, "let me know what this good husband of yours says; no wonder he rejoices in Halsey's escape. Is it so?"

"O no—he gives me other reasons. You know I permit him to be one of your enthusiastic admirers, and he says he knows but one being on earth who is your equal, and he rejoices that you are still free, for that one will soon be here to enter the lists. O, naturally, I am vexed, for, and then if your heart is not true, he will agree with me, that you would not love if you could, and could not if you would."

"Admirable!" cried May; "only one more trial! Meanwhile, I must burnish my armor and be in readiness for the conflict. But who is this paragon, and when shall I see him? Do give timely notice!" and May's musical laugh again rang out as she sprang into the saddle, and passing her horse gently upon the neck, added, "Tell me all about it, so that if I dread the trial, Selim and I may run away to Virginia."

"He is a schoolmate of Chester's whom he left in college and met again in France. The meeting was mutually pleasant, and for a short time they journeyed together. Chester left his friend in Italy. He has now returned and is with his mother in E—. He will soon be with us, for Chester has invited him to join our party, and he has friends in the North whom he is anxious to visit. You would begin to love him, should you hear Chester eulogize his many good qualities."

"And his name?"

"His name is Henry Lincoln. He is one of the best families in the North, and very rich, withal."

Mrs. Marsh had turned as she spoke, to reach a branch of the fragrant clematis that twined about the pillar against which she leaned, and she did not observe that May was silent. "Turning towards her she saw her hand relax its hold of the bride, the whole expression of her countenance had changed, the color left her cheeks, her eyes were fixed mournfully, and her pale lips moved as if struggling for the power of expression; and as Mrs. Marsh sprang forward, she sank to the ground, and murmuring, "He! Harry Lincoln," closed her eyes in deep insensibility.

It was long before consciousness returned, and then with a wild look of agony she begged to be left alone. Long after, when the anxious and sorrowing Annie stole to her door, she sat with her bowed head resting upon one hand, and without seeking to know who the intruder, she shook her other hand in weary impatience, and Annie left her again.

In the evening she opened a note from her. "Come to me," it said, "and see how one who could not love, can suffer." When Mrs. Marsh sat down by the side of the couch on which she lay, and clasped the feverish hand that hung by its side, between her own trembling fingers, and looked into that pale, sad face, she started with terror, for May Lester seemed to

longer herself. Could it be that this was the true May, and that the smiling girl she had known so long had been, all along, a suffering and enduring woman, whose heart would be silent to him?"

"Annie, I must go home to-morrow; I cannot stay here another day." "She did not push to notice Annie's look of amazement and gush of tears, but went on, her voice feeble and trembling as a sick child's, and low, plaintive and sad.

"Long ago, Annie, when we were children, O how long ago it seems! I told you all my little joys and sorrows. As I grew older I still confided in you; but there is one thing I have never told you, nor should I now but for this weakness that seems to you so strange. O Annie, your calm and quick nature can but faintly comprehend the love I bear, and long have borne to him—Harry Lincoln."

"We met for the first time during the last year of my father's life, while we were at Niagara. His father and mine had loved each other in youth, and that love had strengthened as years passed on, and when my father learned that he was Dudley Lincoln's son, he greeted him with the same warm friendship. O, Annie, can I tell you all? When we left Niagara he went with me. I was very happy then. I was the child of wealth and unbounded love. I seldom knew an ungratified wish, and among those beautiful scenes it was not strange that I, whose greatest joy had ever been in the love of the beautiful in nature, should rejoice in spirit. But now there was a new feeling in my soul; day by day it stole into my heart—day by day it strengthened there."

"He was my companion in all my daily walks; he was the same strong, pure, delightful—the same chaste feeling, as together we looked upon the sacred impersonations of the spirit of beauty. I told him all my thoughts and sang for him all my sweetest songs, and so the time flew away and I loved him, yet I knew it not! One day—we were among the White Mountains—my father had left us, and Harry had been speaking as only he could speak, of the beauty around us and its effect upon our souls, and then he added a regret that we must soon leave scenes where he had been so happy—that we must soon part. I had not dreamed of this before, and now the thought was terrible, and I loved passionately. Then Annie, I knew that I loved him, and when, hand in hand we descended that mountain, the joy of the blessed was in my soul for I knew that the love of that noble being was all my own."

"My father smiled on me that night, and his 'God bless you, my child!' came with a more thrilling tone as he kissed my burning cheek, and whispered his joy in mine."

"With the instinctive delicacy of a first love, I begged that our engagement might be a secret with us, and my father acceded to my wish. Life was so O, so beautiful to me then. I went out alone, early, very early upon the morning of the next day, and walked by the side of one of the pleasant streams that wind their way down the mountain, and it seemed to me that the waters smiled upon me like loving sisters, for far up in their high home they had heard the precious words of yesterday, and the little white waves never before seemed so rarely beautiful—I picked them, and impulsively kissed their pale lips—the light within made all things light within it. Then I sat down upon a rock covered with green, soft moss, and I sang a new song; the words came from my heart; there were none in my memory fit for such deep thankfulness; and then a manly voice full of music repeated my words, for he had been near me all the while. When I leaned on my arm, it seemed to me that we two were fit to go through the blue portals above, to our home in heaven. God only knew how much of purifying sorrow one of us still needed."

"We parted that day, and Annie, I have never seen him since! Four years only have passed by, and my heart is not yet gray; but I am old, very old in heart, and ages seem to have dragged their slow length of years in my soul since that hour."

"We parted; I went to my far home to gaze in secret upon the beautiful miniature that even my father never saw, to sign the songs he loved, to finish the sketches his hand had begun, to read the books he preferred, to watch for the coming of the white-winged messengers of love he sent to me, to worship at an earthly shrine, to experience the bitter tribulation of a wronged and broken heart, and to turn again to him whose altar I had forsaken for this thing of clay."

"He returned to Yale to finish his studies. His frequent letters were perfect transcripts of himself; to the last they breathed the same endearing love; but man is fickle and his love changes like the fickle wind."

"When I received that last I was at my uncle's. He had just returned from Europe, and with him the gentleman to whom Aunt May had long been engaged, and for the love of whom she had been leading through dewy youth and sunny womanhood a life of waiting hope and patient duty. He returned rich and honored, and Aunt May became his wife."

"He lived only a week after the marriage of his sister; in the strength of manhood he passed away, peacefully, joyfully, as a Christian should die. O, Annie, had he known the bitterness in store for me, he had not died thus calmly."

"Many days had elapsed, bringing me no letter from Harry; I was sick with fear, for he had spoken of unfeigned health, and I knew that he was making great efforts to graduate with honor, and so when the letter came to me announcing my father's death, I dared not break his sombre seal. He lived, but my noble father was in heaven!"

"Annie, since then, life has been very dark to me. God has strengthened me, and I have striven daily to fulfill my mission on earth, and to appropriate conscience to him who wholly without calm and peaceful satisfaction; but I have never been happy, I shall never be again on earth, for Annie, I love him still. I loved him

once—and forever. He has failed me, but still I love him—once and forever."

"Day after day I waited and watched and hoped to hear from you, and I said I will write to him soon. I wrote; I had sealed my letter, but in my haste I had taken a seal I never used before, and the clear impression of 'deception,' scornfully smiled upon me from the gleaming wax. Then first, then wholly, the bitter truth sank into my soul; at once the full consciousness swept over me that I, so deeply loving, had loved too lightly and true."

"Since then I have heard him but twice; once Aunt May wondered I should so soon have forgotten the gentleman with whom my father had been so pleased at Niagara. Another time it was at a large party, and I laughed and chatted with the veriest butterfly of the evening, while I heard the bitter truth—he had gone to Europe," they said; "suddenly; immediately, in fact, after leaving college, where," they said, "he graduated with highest honors. I knew why he went thus capriciously. I knew that he wished not to meet me so soon whom he had so wronged. Yet I laughed at that moment, and by-and-by I danced, and Annie, it was one of my 'brilliant nights.' You have seen such, and you have heard them said, ah! so have I—'how happy is May Lester, and all the while, God only knew the agony I bore within!'"

"So Annie, let me go to-morrow; I am weak and weary-hearted now, and I must go away and nerve myself to meet him as I ought. God will strengthen me in my painful way."

It was long past midnight when Annie Marsh left that couch of misery. She, the teacher and chider of the morning, had learned in the still midnight of a life lesson of endurance. When May Lester was alone, she prayed long and earnestly for strength for her own need, but most of all, for the happiness of him who had wronged her. Then she sweetly slept; for forgiveness of injuries is fragrant incense before God, and angels fan with their bright wings the fire of that altar on which it is burning."

The next night Henry Lincoln's voice sounded in the ears of those who had just heard her sad farewell, and her last words. "Call me Helen Lester, my mother's name, if you speak of me in his presence."

Annie Marsh strove to greet her new guest cordially and kindly. Before the close of the evening a thought had crossed her sunny spirit that some dark cloud of mystery shadowed the life of her friend; at least she could not believe that Lincoln's life had been so sad, and she had been ready to condemn a few hours before."

His calm, courtly manner in the presence of other guests bore no trace of suffering, but when all had gone and he was alone with Mrs. and Mrs. Marsh, his voice grew sad as he spoke of old times and scenes, and when Chester alighted to the last months of his college life, he seemed lost in painful thought."

"And did you continue, across the sea, the correspondence about which we all used to tease you so greatly?" said Chester. "Those little gems of letters must have gone tremblingly on so long a voyage."

Lincoln bowed his head, but made no reply, and Annie left them full of hope for her friend. After a brief silence Annie asked abruptly, "Who is Miss Lincoln, that you should suddenly depart your friends regret so much?"

Chester had not yet learned the case of Mary's request, but he replied quickly. "O Helen Lester is a beauty, a belle, and an heiress, who has been visiting from her home in the South; but she has left us rather abruptly."

"I am not surprised at any act of caprice in one of her sex and name," said Lincoln, but as if regretting the remark, he hastily changed the subject; but he left Chester a ready convert to the opinion of his wife, when he had heard her story and told his own."

"There sings Mary's canary," said Annie, the next morning; "poor little thing, it shall not miss her loving care."

As she fed the gentle bird a calm voice bade her good-morning, and Lincoln bowed by her side. "I will know all before he leaves me," thought she, and her plan was quickly devised."

"Is not this a beautiful bird?" said she, as she smoothed his golden feathers and pressed it to her own sweet face—"and I love it the better for its pretty name, the name of her whose gift it is; 'Mary,' sweet May, it should not be a common name, unless all Mays were gentle and true like our bird, and like the May we love, my friend, and she fondled the favorite again, hardly daring to cast a glance toward Lincoln to mark the effect of her words."

In a moment he stepped forward, and grasping her hand, said, in a voice sad even in his indignation:

"Call her not gentle and true, for I have known May Lester well, and she is a heartless woman. God grant that she may not have just heart enough for remorse. My friend, this true and gentle May married, after the briefest acquaintance, a man old enough to be her father, because he bore an honored name, and was the possessor of countless thousands; and this, too, when she knew that she must ruin the fondest hopes of one who loved her as few ever love; and not one week before her marriage she wrote to him full of love and trust, to me, my friend, for I am he who loved her, and I am he whom she so bravely deceived! Her father only knew of our engagement. He died within a month. He could refuse her nothing, but his high sense of honor must have bowed humbly when he knew that his promise and her plighted word must be broken to gratify the matrimonial ambition of a girl, and to save the father from the disgrace of a broken promise. He was my auditor, and now, as he passed and raised his to hers, for an instant he thought she mocked him; but the sweet smile he saw had no malice in it, and those mild eyes beamed so kindly upon him as he led him to a seat in the pleasant shade by an open window, and there seemed something so joyful in her elastic step, that a strange glow came over him."

"Listen now," she said, to my story; and in her sweet, earnest manner, the story of May Lester, loving, forsaken, suffering!

"But the marriage," said the bewildered Lincoln, "I surely said it announced in many southern papers."

"When you say our May," said Chester, who entered at this moment, "you will not regret that you could not marry the maiden aunt, who, though she is one of earth's noblest and best, is 'old enough to have been your mother.'"

"Four years of sorrow for my May," sighed Annie, "through a mistake!"

"Four years of bitterness," for me," added Lincoln, "through this sad mistake!"

"Four years of pique at not being able to marry an old maid," laughed Chester. "But come," said he, "with me, and make arrangements for a journey to Virginia. Annie and I constitute ourselves your guardians, yours and May's—we shall go with you until May Lester is May Lincoln, or we shall have another trip to Europe and Asia in a fit of pique."

"It was late in the afternoon of a lovely day when the travelling carriage of Mr. Marsh approached an old but elegant country mansion in northern Virginia. Annie and Mr. Lincoln walked up the broad avenue leading to the house, and Annie felt the arm on which she leaned tremble, as they stood upon the vine-shaded gallery. A female form was seen near the open window, Annie, starting noiselessly forward, whispered, 'she is sleeping.'"

They passed in, and the strong man bowed his head and wept like a child, for an open casket was before her, and many letters were upon the table, and he knew their contents. One, his last, lay beneath her hand and a tear rested upon her closed eyelids. An open piano stood near, and upon it lay an old gem of song she had almost played for him. Her little hand was almost as thin and transparent as the paper on which it rested, and there was a hollowness to her cheek that told of a worn and chafed spirit. Annie ran her fingers lightly over the keys and filled the room with a sweet gush of music."

The poor girl awoke, and instinctively grasping that last letter, arose. Annie's smile met her eye, and then it was that Henry Lincoln's face came smiling in her face for an instant, of wild agony and old hatred, and then her proud spirit rose in maidenly strength, and she stepped forward to greet him as she had schooled her heart to do; but she had overrated her strength, and she sank fainting back again. She was still conscious, and his quick words told her the story of years in a moment. They were alone, and she longed to tell her story. But Mrs. and Mr. Marsh were in the garden, a holy trust shone on either face, and it shone from the heart."

"Was I not right?" said Chester, as they approached, "Is he not worthy of her?"

"Yes, you are always right," was the very wisely reply.

"And you are always truthful and hopeful, for that mystery has not so soon been solved."

There was a merry ringing of bells and a joyous bridal party in the old church where May Lester's father and mother were married, and when the old minister, whose hand, long years before, had sprinkled the baptismal water upon her infant brow, laid his feeble hand upon her head and blessed her, and she turned away from the altar to begin from that holy moment, from that hour, a new life. Her eyes were closed, her eye fell upon his grave who had blessed her young heart's choice. The rays of the setting sun rested upon it, and as the green turf and sweet flowers shone in the sunlight, her father's grave smiled upon her, and she knew that he smiled in heaven!

A SNEEZING COURT.

The Cincinnati Columbian must be responsible for the following account of a sneezing court.

During the progress of the examination of Minckhouse and Leary, for an outrage upon an idiot girl, some persons, not having a due sense of the awful majesty of the law, the dignity of the court, scattered a villainous dose of snuff, cayenne pepper, haberry bark, and most probably a dash of spring water, coughing about the room. It happened at the time that the audience was extremely large, and of that kind which is generally composed of the poorest of the poorest of a court of justice. The infuriated dross soon began to take effect, a concert of sneezing mixed with coughing first among the outsiders, made it impossible to understand one word from either judge, lawyer, witness or prisoner."

"Up-though-igh-ches-chee-doo, O Lord!" exclaimed the prosecuting attorney. "I suggest ab-ches-teth that they be this turned out, snuffed another lawyer."

The judge, who by this time had coughed and sneezed until his face was as red as the comb of a turkey cock, was struck by the idea, and a posse of officers being called from below, cleared the room of the unhappy multitude, upon their egress into the street, gave such a concerted diabolical sneeze that a couple of horses that were hitched outside, became scared, and breaking their bridles, scampered frantically away."

THE GREAT BELL OF VIENNA.

For a birthday excursion, I yesterday ascended the tower of St. Stephen, which rises up to the enormous height of 439 feet. About 200 feet above the floor we reached the Cathedral bell, the largest in Germany, weighing 35,400 pounds. A small family could live conveniently under the bell. It is 214 inches high, and 10 feet 10 inches wide. Eight men are required to ring it, as the clapper alone weighs 1400 pounds. It is rung by the Emperor Joseph I. from 1804 Turkish cannon taken by the Austrians. At the height of 250 feet is the clock. In the room with the latter is stationed a man to watch for the breaking out of fires in the city and suburbs. He takes the angle by means of a fine telescope, and on a chart prepared for the purpose, he marks the position of the flames. The alarm then given. I ascended to the top of the tower, and as it inclines three feet from a perpendicular, the tremor is slightly blown. It did not remain long at so dizzy a height.—*Correspondence of Northern Advertiser.*

There are few things which cause so much worry with so much certainty and ease, as its own (or its neighbor's) imperfections. The more the imperfection, the more the worry.—*Collier.*

THE IDLE RUBBER TREE.

The tree (Siphia Elastic) is quite peculiar in its appearance and growth. It is a height of eighty and even a hundred feet. The trunk is perfectly round, rather smooth, and protected by a thin layer of bark.

The leaves grow in clusters of three together, are thin and of an ovate form, and are from ten to fourteen inches in length. The centre leaf of the cluster is always the largest. This remarkable tree bears a curious fruit, of the size of a peach, which, although not very palatable, is eagerly sought after by different animals—it is separated into three lobes, which contain each a small black nut. The trees are tapped in the same manner that New Englanders tap maple trees. The trunk having been perforated, a yellowish liquid, resembling cream, flows out, which is caught in small clay cups, fastened to the tree. When these become full, their contents are emptied into large earthen jars, in which the liquid is kept until desired for use.

The operation of making the shoes is as simple as it is interesting. Imagine yourself, reader, in one of the springs of rubber of Brazil. Around you are a number of good-looking natives of low stature and olive complexion. All are variously engaged. One is stirring with a long wooden stick a cauldron of molten rubber, placed over a pile of blazing embers. This is the liquid as it is taken from the rubber tree. Into this a wooden ladle is dipped, and having a handle, is plunged. A coating of the liquid remains.

Another native takes the "last," and holds it in the smoke arising from the ignition of a species of palm fruit, for the purpose of causing the glutinous substance to assume a dark color. The "last" is then plunged again into the cauldron, and this process is repeated as in dipping candles, until the coating is of the required thickness. The shoe, moreover, takes a number of Indian girls engaged in making various impressions, such as flowers, etc., upon the liquid surface, and a rubber, by means of their thumb nails, which are especially pared and cultivated for this purpose. After the final operation, the shoes are placed in the sun to harden, and the finished shoes may be seen laid out on mats in exposed situations. The aboriginal name of rubber is cauchou, from which the formidable word of caoutchouc is derived.

Attempts are being made to prepare the gum for exportation in its liquid state, and a quality has been thus brought into New York and San Francisco from Para, S. A. It is of great value for most purposes, and the prospect is that it will be imported in large quantities.—*Journal of Commerce.*

FORMATION OF COAL.

Mr. Lyell, in his "Travels in America," gives the following hypothesis concerning the formation of coal beds in the liquid state, and a quality has been thus brought into New York and San Francisco from Para, S. A. It is of great value for most purposes, and the prospect is that it will be imported in large quantities.—*Journal of Commerce.*

Mr. Lyell, in his "Travels in America," gives the following hypothesis concerning the formation of coal beds in the liquid state, and a quality has been thus brought into New York and San Francisco from Para, S. A. It is of great value for most purposes, and the prospect is that it will be imported in large quantities.—*Journal of Commerce.*

Mr. Lyell, in his "Travels in America," gives the following hypothesis concerning the formation of coal beds in the liquid state, and a quality has been thus brought into New York and San Francisco from Para, S. A. It is of great value for most purposes, and the prospect is that it will be imported in large quantities.—*Journal of Commerce.*

Mr. Lyell, in his "Travels in America," gives the following hypothesis concerning the formation of coal beds in the liquid state, and a quality has been thus brought into New York and San Francisco from Para, S. A. It is of great value for most purposes, and the prospect is that it will be imported in large quantities.—*Journal of Commerce.*

Mr. Lyell, in his "Travels in America," gives the following hypothesis concerning the formation of coal beds in the liquid state, and a quality has been thus brought into New York and San Francisco from Para, S. A. It is of great value for most purposes, and the prospect is that it will be imported in large quantities.—*Journal of Commerce.*

Mr. Lyell, in his "Travels in America," gives the following hypothesis concerning the formation of coal beds in the liquid state, and a quality has been thus brought into New York and San Francisco from Para, S. A. It is of great value for most purposes, and the prospect is that it will be imported in large quantities.—*Journal of Commerce.*

Mr. Lyell, in his "Travels in America," gives the following hypothesis concerning the formation of coal beds in the liquid state, and a quality has been thus brought into New York and San Francisco from Para, S. A. It is of great value for most purposes, and the prospect is that it will be imported in large quantities.—*Journal of Commerce.*

Mr. Lyell, in his "Travels in America," gives the following hypothesis concerning the formation of coal beds in the liquid state, and a quality has been thus brought into New York and San Francisco from Para, S. A. It is of great value for most purposes, and the prospect is that it will be imported in large quantities.—*Journal of Commerce.*

Mr. Lyell, in his "Travels in America," gives the following hypothesis concerning the formation of coal beds in the liquid state, and a quality has been thus brought into New York and San Francisco from Para, S. A. It is of great value for most purposes, and the prospect is that it will be imported in large quantities.—*Journal of Commerce.*

Mr. Lyell, in his "Travels in America," gives the following hypothesis concerning the formation of coal beds in the liquid state, and a quality has been thus brought into New York and San Francisco from Para, S. A. It is of great value for most purposes, and the prospect is that it will be imported in large quantities.—*Journal of Commerce.*

Mr. Lyell, in his "Travels in America," gives the following hypothesis concerning the formation of coal beds in the liquid state, and a quality has been thus brought into New York and San Francisco from Para, S. A. It is of great value for most purposes, and the prospect is that it will be imported in large quantities.—*Journal of Commerce.*

Mr. Lyell, in his "Travels in America," gives the following hypothesis concerning the formation of coal beds in the liquid state, and a quality has been thus brought into New York and San Francisco from Para, S. A. It is of great value for most purposes, and the prospect is that it will be imported in large quantities.—*Journal of Commerce.*

Mr. Lyell, in his "Travels in America," gives the following hypothesis concerning the formation of coal beds in the liquid state, and a quality has been thus brought into New York and San Francisco from Para, S. A. It is of great value for most purposes, and the prospect is that it will be imported in large quantities.—*Journal of Commerce.*

Mr. Lyell, in his "Travels in America," gives the following hypothesis concerning the formation of coal beds in the liquid state, and a quality has been thus brought into New York and San Francisco from Para, S. A. It is of great value for most purposes, and the prospect is that it will be imported in large quantities.—*Journal of Commerce.*

Mr. Lyell, in his "Travels in America," gives the following hypothesis concerning the formation of coal beds in the liquid state, and a quality has been thus brought into New York and San Francisco from Para, S. A. It is of great value for most purposes, and the prospect is that it will be imported in large quantities.—*Journal of Commerce.*

Mr. Lyell, in his "Travels in America," gives the following hypothesis concerning the formation of coal beds in the liquid state, and a quality has been thus brought into New York and San Francisco from Para, S. A. It is of great value for most purposes, and the prospect is that it will be imported in large quantities.—*Journal of Commerce.*

THOMAS LUNN, 40 Exchange Place, New Orleans.
JOHN ELDER & Co., Washington City.

(Written for The Flag of our Union.)

TO A FRIEND.

BY H. W. PATSON.

O seek not for bliss, 'tis a phantom air,
A brilliant delusion, a beautiful snare;
Reverging the sunset and clouding the light,
Until it may plunge you in darkness and night.
Seek neither for wealth—its distance is glow,
Like the stream in the desert that laughingly flows;
Seek a huge succor, a fond in disguise,
Approaching too near to our vision may rise,
Seek a rest not for fame, 'tis a toy in the breeze,
One moment caressed and admired, it may please;
The next, cast to earth, may be blasted and torn,
Or away on the whirlwind of fortune's storm.
But hapless seek, of that calm, gentle kind,
Which proclaims that within dwells a noble mind.
Seek joy in diffusing that social delight,
Which sanctifies sorrow and makes dullness bright;
It will light up around that beautiful flame,
More lasting than riches, more honored than fame.

(Translated from the French for The Flag of our Union.)

CAPTURE OF GENERAL QUINOQUIN.

BY ANN T. WILBUR.

Jaquet, a barber of Bordeaux, was obliged to leave his beautiful natal city and transport his household gods to Bayonne, where his uncle, also a barber, had bequeathed him a pretty house and all his custom. Jaquet had quitted with infinite regret the shores of the Garonne to establish himself on the banks of the Adour. Thither he had brought his wife Gracienne, whose character did not correspond with her name. At the expiration of ten years of toil, Jaquet, without children and without care, deposited the sceptre of fashion and reposed on his laurels. In memory of his native country, he had built a little cellar and placed in it specimens of the choicest wines of Bordeaux, which he drank once a week with his intimate friends. The barber, having laid aside his profession, became a great lover of news and politics. Bayonne was now, in this respect, a very interesting city. During the Spanish war, the regiments from the interior stopped there to take munitions of all kinds; detachments from the peninsula also rested there. Jaquet kept himself informed of all these arrivals, mingled in the ranks of the soldiers and overhauled them with questions on the state of affairs beyond the Pyrenees; he commented after his fashion on the news, emboldened them. If necessary, and then disseminated them throughout the city; he was an unassuming and gratuitous Monitor.

Early in the month of December, 1811, the municipal authorities of Bayonne announced, as usual, the approaching arrival of a detachment of old soldiers from Spain, that the inhabitants might prepare lodgings for them. Jaquet said to his wife:

"My dear Gracienne, you will to-day have a visit from two troopers; they will present themselves with tickets for lodgings. You know my custom in such cases, I send them to the inn, and they are not sorry. You will make a bargain with them, even if you have to pay six francs, but before they leave be sure and question them on affairs in Spain; I am very anxious to hear, for I am assured that our success has been mingled with reverses; so do not forget it."

His wife replied: "Since you are so desirous of obtaining this information, why do you go out? It would be better for you to await the arrival of the soldiers, and question them."

"I cannot. The child of Monja, the glazier, is to be baptized in half an hour, I must be there."

"Because of the baptism," added Gracienne.

"Not at all," I am accused by a nobler motive," replied the barber. "I met Monja last week on the Place du Comelle. 'What is the news with you?' said I to him. 'News!' replied he, 'my house is larger this morning by two feet.' 'How so?' 'My wife has again become a mother, there are two feet more in my house, and I invite you to the baptism.' Captain Pierson is to be the god-father of the child; you will breakfast with him, and the interview will be favorable to your plans." Listen, Gracienne, this is the interesting part of it, they wish to nominate me for an officer in the National Guard. As an officer's wife you will have a right to visit the sub-prefect and the general; you will wear a hat. And Captain Pierson can aid much in my nomination. So you see, I engage, I am acting for your interest and not for a paltry breakfast! Ah! how you misunderstand your husband!"

The sweet perspective of visiting the sub-prefect and wearing a hat appeared the ill humor of Gracienne. At the moment of crossing the threshold of his door, Jaquet, in his Sunday clothes, suddenly paused and said hastily:

"Apropos, one thing more: have you thought of our duck for supper? You know that I am singularly fond of this game; do not forget it."

"Be easy, it has already been cooking over the furnace these two hours."

Jaquet, satisfied, descended the steps which led to the street, and went away at a rapid pace. At two o'clock, the distant sound of the drum announced the arrival of the soldiers. A few minutes afterwards, two of them appeared at the door of the ex-barber with arms and baggage, presenting a note for lodgings; to their two comrades of the 10th regiment, Dufour and Blateau; the latter spoke:

"Is this the house of Monsieur Jaquet?"

"It is, gentlemen," said Gracienne, "he is my husband."

"Well, so much the better for you, we have come to lodge with him. We are overcome with fatigue and wish for a good room, some arm-chairs, a sofa, a light and a bed."

"You will find none of these here; our house is small, as you see, and we cannot receive you; I will give you four francs, and you can find lodgings at the inn."

"We are too much fatigued to go farther."

"Well, to give you strength, I offer you six francs."

"Let us see them," said the corporal, softening.

"Here they are."

"What say you, Dufour?"

"Let us take them; but give us a bottle of wine into the bargain."

Gracienne, who desired at all events to be rid of the new comers, said: "Well, be it so, I will give you an excellent bottle."

As she said these words, she passed into the kitchen adjoining the room where she had received the soldiers, lighted a candle and went into the cellar. Scarcely had she gone, when Blateau turned to his comrade:

"Since we must find lodgings elsewhere, let us see if there is not something other here which will do for our dinner."

Both entered the kitchen, and perceived on the furnace a large sauce-pan. Blateau hastily raised the cover; a fine duck presented itself to their eyes; the sauce was boiling around the bird.

Blateau said:

"The sauce! I should not have declared enemies of the 10th, I will take this one prisoner."

With an iron fork lying on the furnace, he delicately seized the half-cooked fowl.

"Open your knapsack, Dufour."

The order was immediately obeyed, and the duck hidden away in the depths of the knapsack.

"And the sauce?" asked Dufour.

"The sauce! I abandon it to its fate."

After having replaced the cover of the sauce-pan, the two rogues returned to the first room, where the hostess soon arrived, holding a bottle.

"Here is some good wine, gentlemen; it is the choicest of Bordeaux. Jaquet will be angry; no matter, so much the worse for him."

The bottle was soon uncorked and two glasses filled. The liquor produced its effect and the tongues of the soldiers were loosened. While they were swallowing the second glass, Gracienne said to Blateau:

"Have you ever seen the emperor?"

"I have been as near him as I am to you."

"Have you spoken to him?"

"As I speak to you. I formed a part of the imperial guard at its formation, then I became a corporal in the 10th regiment. The night preceding the battle of Friedland, I was stationed as a sentinel before the emperor's tent. He came out, I presented arms; he looked at me, I looked at him. After having considered me a few moments, the emperor said to me: 'Blateau, did you braid your own queue? Yes, sire, I braided it myself.' I can never think of this moment," pursued the corporal of the 10th, "without tears of tenderness."

Gracienne, in the beginning of her relations with Jaquet, had been pleased with the lively gossip of the barber; but with time, she had wearied of it. The eloquence of the ancient grenadier of the guard charmed her to the last degree; captivated by the words of Blateau, she had paid no attention to what was going on in the kitchen. Seeing the soldiers about to drink the last glass, she said:

"Gentlemen, are you directly from Spain?"

"Certainly; we are not sorry to have left it, and to have done with those satanic guerrillas."

"Tell me then what is passing in that country, are our affairs prosperous?"

"Not too much so," replied the corporal, with sublime coolness; "a great battle has just been fought near Saragossa, in which General Quinoquin was taken prisoner, and General La Saucé obliged to sustain the fire alone."

"Indeed?" said Gracienne, despairingly, "it is very unfortunate."

"Good morning, citizen; you will say to M. Jaquet that I am sorry to not have seen him; that his wife is excellent, that I have never seen better, even in the tent of the emperor."

Scarcely had the two soldiers taken leave of their hostess, when Jaquet arrived half out of breath.

"Well!" said he to his wife, "have the two soldiers been here?"

"Certainly."

"And have they gone already? I hoped to have bidden them here."

"They went away very quietly; they only demanded six francs and some wine to drink."

"How!" exclaimed the barber, as he perceived the empty bottle; "you have given them my best Bordeaux, of which I have only four or five bottles left. You are always committing blunders."

"Do I know anything about your wine? And then these soldiers were very polite, and one of them alone so good as the emperor."

"Did you question them on the events of the war?"

"I did so," replied Gracienne, "and it seems that our affairs are in a bad condition. A great battle has just been fought near Saragossa, in which General Quinoquin was taken prisoner, and General La Saucé was obliged to endure the fire alone."

"What does all this mean? I read the Monitor daily, and have never seen the names of those generals. I do not believe it. And our duck, have you taken care of it?"

"I have done nothing else; I have turned and re-turned it in its gravy, and it is boiling finely."

"Let us look at it," said Jaquet.

They passed into the kitchen; the husband hastily uncovered the sauce-pan; it was empty!

"It seems your duck has taken a walk."

King Blateau was not more terrified when he read on the walls of his festal salon the fatal decree, than was Gracienne on seeing that the sauce-pan no longer contained the bird. At the end of a few minutes of solemn silence, Jaquet laughed loudly.

"I understand now your General Quinoquin; it is the duck which you have allowed to be captured before your face. As for General La Saucé, do you see how he is enduring the fire alone? It appears, Gracienne, that you have indeed taken care of the duck, turned and re-turned it."

The unfortunate house-keeper was dumb; Jaquet took the thing differently; he was delighted to relate such an adventure, although it was at his expense. Soon the whole city of Bayonne was informed of the trick of the two corporals.

An inn-keeper had just opened his tavern, and looking about for a sign to attract customers, conceived the idea of causing to be painted on a large duck, with this inscription: "General Quinoquin." This method succeeded beyond his hopes; every soldier who passed through Bayonne took a cup at the General Quinoquin.

(Written for The Flag of our Union.)

THE WEDDING GIFT.

BY MRS. E. WELLMONT.

"And what do you suppose Mr. Mayberry's present?" inquired little Miss Rix, who was displaying the various gifts of her wedding-day.

"Why, as he is a rich man, Olivia, and your uncle, too, I suppose it might be a bandbox of diamonds, or an opal ring, or an elegant brooch."

"Well, it was nothing but a Bible! Only think what an antiquated gift this was to make to a young lady upon the eve of marriage. And just read the real pious note which accompanied it. I protest I must not have the Bible framed, and put under a glass. Here it is:

"MY DEAR NIECE,—Among the many rare and costly gifts which your fashionable friends will bestow upon you, I presume my present will be looked upon as an insignificant one—but be assured as you advance in life, you will find in it a treasure, for which you would not exchange all the diamonds and silver, and gold which are now so lavishly bestowed upon you. I may be removed to the land of silence when you shall persevere these precious pages; but to assure an attention to the precepts herein contained, will conduct you to a fairer and brighter home than the earthly one upon which you expect soon to enter. With the blessing of your uncle, please accept the accompanying volume from your true friend

"Well, this is sage advice," remarked little Miss Olivia, "just suited to grandma's case; but, however, as he is an old man, and somewhat superannuated, we must pardon the solemnity which pervades his thoughts. Heighho, Alice! I'm glad you and I have a long journey to travel, before we reach your uncle's point of observation. But what shall you do with the gift? The case is certainly elegant—bound in velvet and gold—beautifully lettered, 'Holy Bible.' Shall you display it among your bridal presents?"

"I dare say my mother will insist upon my doing so, because it comes from her favorite brother. I suppose I can lay it upon the table, and place my largest cake basket upon it. No body will think of noticing particularly whether grave or gay reading is in the ascendency. I don't mean to insinuate but what the Bible is a very good book, but of course, one don't want such sober reading when they are studying the fashions going into my company."

"O, I understand you, Alice. I feel just as you do, that when we get to be old, sober, staid matrons, we will read our Bibles, and become first rate grandmothers, won't we, cousin? But here comes your mother, Alice, all ready to assort the articles."

"As the table is ready for the bridal gifts, where shall I number the placed, mamma?"

"Number one, my dear, is the Bible. Let us give it a conspicuous place on the table."

It was indeed a valuable collection that appeared for exhibition. The most precious jewels were there, and every curiously devised silver article, from a golden spoon to the richly mounted fruit cruet, while a whole tea service, and a dinner set was ranged upon an adjacent marble slab.

Alice looked on, with proud pride upon the rich display, and felt she was indeed a favored mortal to be the recipient of such costly gifts. And who was this Alice Rix? Why, she was the only daughter of a wealthy millionaire, and who was soon to be married to the son of a rich merchant, about whose fame some reports had been circulated which made it extremely doubtful how the daughter of her proud parents would be able to do justice to the match.

But we will next look upon them in their new home, having passed through the marriage covenant, and let us hear what Alice dictates in her first letter to her cousin Olivia:

"MY DEAR COUSIN,—I am all ecstasy one moment, and horror-stricken the next. My bridal calls are a real bore. I am tired to death of over-acting the part of Miss Prim. Besides, Olivia, my Fred is the drollest fellow that ever took upon himself the name of husband. Would you believe it, when I tell you he has left me alone so long, that I have been obliged to go out at night to regulate him, as he expresses it, with a few choice spirits! I wouldn't have father and mother know it for ten thousand worlds, but I could cry myself to death for vexation. And yet, Olivia, he adores me in words. But how is it that before our honeymoon ought to have been, Tom Long and Bill Sykes are at our door to inquire whether Fred will join them at the club house, or to a convivial supper from which ladies are excluded, and the good-natured little fellow says, 'Yes, I'm on hand.' I don't like it, and what good will my putting do? And I don't like it any better because he was helped home last night, and slept upon the couch in our parlor! Not that Fred is dissipated—Heaven, no!—but that I hate his associates well as I do the sin, and would fain keep him with me all the time. Am I not selfish? Come soon and tell your Alice."

The gay routine of fashionable life was passed by our newly married pair as it is sometimes by inexperienced young men who have full purses which their own industry has not in hand in filling, and the career was a rapid one. Splendor lost its charms—fashion its novelty—the gay world its blandishments—and at the expiration of a year, Alice the petted child of fortune might still be found living in luxury, but really heart-broken with sad mortification. Her "dear Fred" had yielded more and more to the blighting effects of nightly dissipation; and even the plaintive notes of his sick and moaning child fell coldly upon his ear. Parental love had long looked upon this spectacle with a hopeful eye, but now, alas, came the melancholy truth that their child was indeed united to a fashionable spendthrift, and a debauchee. Alice could no longer conceal the fact, and she thus wrote out her thoughts to her mother:

"MY DEAR MOTHER,—Would that I were once more by your side, as I was but a few days ago, partaking of the sweet tranquillity of our dear home, but as it cannot be that the past can be obliterated, let me be offered as a victim to the shrine of an ill-fated love. But for the tie which binds me to my child, my remorse for what cannot be averted would never reach your ear, and my darling Eva is mine to cherish, and I must be true to the maternal instinct. Her sweet face is so full of an expressive sadness, that I weep as I look upon it. The physician thinks unless she is tenderly treated she will not long survive. She is four months old this day, and yet a father's smile has seldom gladdened her features but with an idiotic stare. What can be done with your Alice? Am I not yours still? What to me is the splendid room in which I sit, or the gorgeous curtains through which the morning sun streams in upon my swollen eyeballs? I am alone with this little frail infant, and only a nurse to watch over us. Life is intolerable. Come, mother, to the rescue of your heart-stricken Alice."

Next Eva, the tie that bound the mother to earth, died. For the first time since the gift was presented, that uncle's precious gift, which was taken from high school upon which it had been laid in brighter days. The reverend Mr. Stocks first opened it, and read words of comfort to that young wife and bereaved mother. Strange words they were to her, although familiar to many younger hearts. "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden," read the preacher.

"Suffer little children to come to me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

"And he took a little child and set him in their midst, and said, Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye cannot enter the kingdom of heaven."

"Cannot enter where Eva, my child, is gone?" frantically inquired the young mother. "Then show me the way."

"I am the way, the truth and the life," said the Saviour.

Reverently did that mother listen, and a deep calm came over her troubled soul. And was this the revelation which the book contained which she had attempted to conceal from observation among her costlier and more highly prized wedding gifts? This book upon which her whole comfort rested, and so soon, too, was she to be taught its worth! And in her agony, she seized her uncle's note which attended the present.

"Dear old man! How well you know your destiny!" repeated she. And for the first time an audible prayer ascended from that domestic altar. But we hear footsteps. "Fred" has returned from his haunts, and is in his right mind. He gazes upon the countenance of the child, and is subdued even to weeping. That mother and father are alone in the still chamber of death. Solemn promises are pledged, words of fidelity are uttered, that if the past will be forgiven, a new life shall attest the penitent confession. They again gaze upon the angel in the sleep of death—but holy, and sacred, and dear as is the natural instinct, how willingly would that young wife consent to be bereaved, could the sad event but restore to her a faithful, devoted husband.

And now the sad event had passed. The little plaything which had been so deposited as sacred treasure, and the deep, wild void pressed heavily upon the young mother's heart, but still she was awakened to the conviction that duties remained to her, and sacred obligations rested upon her in the renewal of her husband.

The young couple moved to another section of the city. They maintained less style, but obtained far more comfort. The young husband was taken into the firm of his father, and carefully watched. Home always wore a charming aspect, and who does the reader suppose that man with silver locks to be, who sits in yonder corner? It is the very uncle who gave the wedding gift of a Bible—but that Bible is not hidden away now, but lies conspicuously upon the centre-table, and Alice reads portions of it daily, while the sacrifices of praise go up from the domestic altar that the wing of peace may cover the roof. Employment works like a charm upon the young husband—he feels as if he had regained his manhood, and again and again has he repeated to the old gentleman in the corner, "If I ever die a rich man, I would not enail so much of it upon my children as to leave them no stimulus to industry; but that which occasioned my fall, it is but fair to calculate, would prove the ruin of my children."

And how different a strain is the last note which Alice wrote to her cousin from the first:

"MY DEAR COUSIN,—If we never lived under a cloud we should not so much prize the sunshine. I have been wrecked, and look upon myself and mine as saved passengers. My first bereavement was not my first sorrow; painful as was the sundering of the tie which bound me to my darling babe, there was a deeper grief from an estranged, profligate husband's career. Merciful Heaven came to our rescue—the child was taken that the parents might be saved. Taken as I know, to a holier guardianship, and a better training than I could give her, and my heart says, 'It is well.' But, Olivia, the recollection of the ludicrous manner in which we were disposed to treat my dear uncle's wedding gift (the Bible), still troubles me—for do you know this early, it has proved to me a gem worth a thousand times more than all the diamonds and precious testimonials of my other friends? In my darkest hours, a light has beamed upon me from its perusal—a peace has entered my soul—a regenerating influence has come to my husband—how or whence I cannot tell, but I feel calm, submissive, truthful; and my uncle is with us, as we hope, to remain so long as he lives, to aid us by his precepts and prayers. Fredric is reformed man—the dissipated look has left him—he is constantly employed, that only panacea, Olivia, to make a young person happy. Do come and look in upon our delightful home. We have learned the secret of true enjoyment; it is all within—nothing outward. Come and let me impart it to yourself. As ever, your Alice."

And so, my friends, if you have no other wedding gift to bestow but a Bible, hesitate not to give that, for it may be that a friendly regard for the donor will prompt you to the present, so that it may prove the chart of all domestic bliss.

dear home, but as it cannot be that the past can be obliterated, let me be offered as a victim to the shrine of an ill-fated love. But for the tie which binds me to my child, my remorse for what cannot be averted would never reach your ear, and my darling Eva is mine to cherish, and I must be true to the maternal instinct. Her sweet face is so full of an expressive sadness, that I weep as I look upon it. The physician thinks unless she is tenderly treated she will not long survive. She is four months old this day, and yet a father's smile has seldom gladdened her features but with an idiotic stare. What can be done with your Alice? Am I not yours still? What to me is the splendid room in which I sit, or the gorgeous curtains through which the morning sun streams in upon my swollen eyeballs? I am alone with this little frail infant, and only a nurse to watch over us. Life is intolerable. Come, mother, to the rescue of your heart-stricken Alice."

Next Eva, the tie that bound the mother to earth, died. For the first time since the gift was presented, that uncle's precious gift, which was taken from high school upon which it had been laid in brighter days. The reverend Mr. Stocks first opened it, and read words of comfort to that young wife and bereaved mother. Strange words they were to her, although familiar to many younger hearts. "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden," read the preacher.

"Suffer little children to come to me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

"And he took a little child and set him in their midst, and said, Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye cannot enter the kingdom of heaven."

"Cannot enter where Eva, my child, is gone?" frantically inquired the young mother. "Then show me the way."

"I am the way, the truth and the life," said the Saviour.

Reverently did that mother listen, and a deep calm came over her troubled soul. And was this the revelation which the book contained which she had attempted to conceal from observation among her costlier and more highly prized wedding gifts? This book upon which her whole comfort rested, and so soon, too, was she to be taught its worth! And in her agony, she seized her uncle's note which attended the present.

"Dear old man! How well you know your destiny!" repeated she. And for the first time an audible prayer ascended from that domestic altar. But we hear footsteps. "Fred" has returned from his haunts, and is in his right mind. He gazes upon the countenance of the child, and is subdued even to weeping. That mother and father are alone in the still chamber of death. Solemn promises are pledged, words of fidelity are uttered, that if the past will be forgiven, a new life shall attest the penitent confession. They again gaze upon the angel in the sleep of death—but holy, and sacred, and dear as is the natural instinct, how willingly would that young wife consent to be bereaved, could the sad event but restore to her a faithful, devoted husband.

And now the sad event had passed. The little plaything which had been so deposited as sacred treasure, and the deep, wild void pressed heavily upon the young mother's heart, but still she was awakened to the conviction that duties remained to her, and sacred obligations rested upon her in the renewal of her husband.

The young couple moved to another section of the city. They maintained less style, but obtained far more comfort. The young husband was taken into the firm of his father, and carefully watched. Home always wore a charming aspect, and who does the reader suppose that man with silver locks to be, who sits in yonder corner? It is the very uncle who gave the wedding gift of a Bible—but that Bible is not hidden away now, but lies conspicuously upon the centre-table, and Alice reads portions of it daily, while the sacrifices of praise go up from the domestic altar that the wing of peace may cover the roof. Employment works like a charm upon the young husband—he feels as if he had regained his manhood, and again and again has he repeated to the old gentleman in the corner, "If I ever die a rich man, I would not enail so much of it upon my children as to leave them no stimulus to industry; but that which occasioned my fall, it is but fair to calculate, would prove the ruin of my children."

And how different a strain is the last note which Alice wrote to her cousin from the first:

"MY DEAR COUSIN,—If we never lived under a cloud we should not so much prize the sunshine. I have been wrecked, and look upon myself and mine as saved passengers. My first bereavement was not my first sorrow; painful as was the sundering of the tie which bound me to my darling babe, there was a deeper grief from an estranged, profligate husband's career. Merciful Heaven came to our rescue—the child was taken that the parents might be saved. Taken as I know, to a holier guardianship, and a better training than I could give her, and my heart says, 'It is well.' But, Olivia, the recollection of the ludicrous manner in which we were disposed to treat my dear uncle's wedding gift (the Bible), still troubles me—for do you know this early, it has proved to me a gem worth a thousand times more than all the diamonds and precious testimonials of my other friends? In my darkest hours, a light has beamed upon me from its perusal—a peace has entered my soul—a regenerating influence has come to my husband—how or whence I cannot tell, but I feel calm, submissive, truthful; and my uncle is with us, as we hope, to remain so long as he lives, to aid us by his precepts and prayers. Fredric is reformed man—the dissipated look has left him—he is constantly employed, that only panacea, Olivia, to make a young person happy. Do come and look in upon our delightful home. We have learned the secret of true enjoyment; it is all within—nothing outward. Come and let me impart it to yourself. As ever, your Alice."

And so, my friends, if you have no other wedding gift to bestow but a Bible, hesitate not to give that, for it may be that a friendly regard for the donor will prompt you to the present, so that it may prove the chart of all domestic bliss.

dear home, but as it cannot be that the past can be obliterated, let me be offered as a victim to the shrine of an ill-fated love. But for the tie which binds me to my child, my remorse for what cannot be averted would never reach your ear, and my darling Eva is mine to cherish, and I must be true to the maternal instinct. Her sweet face is so full of an expressive sadness, that I weep as I look upon it. The physician thinks unless she is tenderly treated she will not long survive. She is four months old this day, and yet a father's smile has seldom gladdened her features but with an idiotic stare. What can be done with your Alice? Am I not yours still? What to me is the splendid room in which I sit, or the gorgeous curtains through which the morning sun streams in upon my swollen eyeballs? I am alone with this little frail infant, and only a nurse to watch over us. Life is intolerable. Come, mother, to the rescue of your heart-stricken Alice."

Next Eva, the tie that bound the mother to earth, died. For the first time since the gift was presented, that uncle's precious gift, which was taken from high school upon which it had been laid in brighter days. The reverend Mr. Stocks first opened it, and read words of comfort to that young wife and bereaved mother. Strange words they were to her, although familiar to many younger hearts. "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden," read the preacher.

"Suffer little children to come to me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

"And he took a little child and set him in their midst, and said, Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye cannot enter the kingdom of heaven."

"Cannot enter where Eva, my child, is gone?" frantically inquired the young mother. "Then show me the way."

"I am the way, the truth and the life," said the Saviour.

Reverently did that mother listen, and a deep calm came over her troubled soul. And was this the revelation which the book contained which she had attempted to conceal from observation among her costlier and more highly prized wedding gifts? This book upon which her whole comfort rested, and so soon, too, was she to be taught its worth! And in her agony, she seized her uncle's note which attended the present.

"Dear old man! How well you know your destiny!" repeated she. And for the first time an audible prayer ascended from that domestic altar. But we hear footsteps. "Fred" has returned from his haunts, and is in his right mind. He gazes upon the countenance of the child, and is subdued even to weeping. That mother and father are alone in the still chamber of death. Solemn promises are pledged, words of fidelity are uttered, that if the past will be forgiven, a new life shall attest the penitent confession. They again gaze upon the angel in the sleep of death—but holy, and sacred, and dear as is the natural instinct, how willingly would that young wife consent to be bereaved, could the sad event but restore to her a faithful, devoted husband.

And now the sad event had passed. The little plaything which had been so deposited as sacred treasure, and the deep, wild void pressed heavily upon the young mother's heart, but still she was awakened to the conviction that duties remained to her, and sacred obligations rested upon her in the renewal of her husband.

The young couple moved to another section of the city. They maintained less style, but obtained far more comfort. The young husband was taken into the firm of his father, and carefully watched. Home always wore a charming aspect, and who does the reader suppose that man with silver locks to be, who sits in yonder corner? It is the very uncle who gave the wedding gift of a Bible—but that Bible is not hidden away now, but lies conspicuously upon the centre-table, and Alice reads portions of it daily, while the sacrifices of praise go up from the domestic altar that the wing of peace may cover the roof. Employment works like a charm upon the young husband—he feels as if he had regained his manhood, and again and again has he repeated to the old gentleman in the corner, "If I ever die a rich man, I would not enail so much of it upon my children as to leave them no stimulus to industry; but that which occasioned my fall, it is but fair to calculate, would prove the ruin of my children."

And how different a strain is the last note which Alice wrote to her cousin from the first:

"MY DEAR COUSIN,—If we never lived under a cloud we should not so much prize the sunshine. I have been wrecked, and look upon myself and mine as saved passengers. My first bereavement was not my first sorrow; painful as was the sundering of the tie which bound me to my darling babe, there was a deeper grief from an estranged, profligate husband's career. Merciful Heaven came to our rescue—the child